

WHY STUNTS ARE GETTING SCARIER • PUBLIC ENEMY • SUZANNE SOMERS' STORY

NO. 85 FROM FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1991

entertainment

WEEKLY

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AT THE FUTURE

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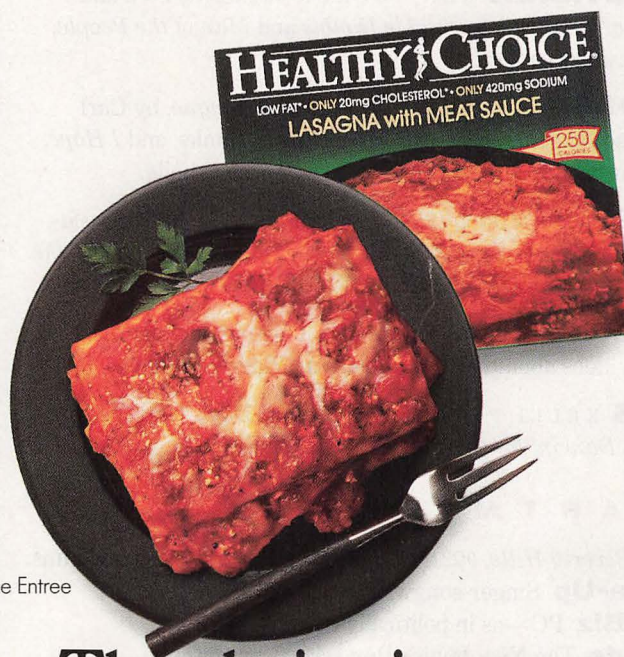
Diahann Carroll

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1991

NEWS & NOTES

6/Working Man's Enemy: Bruce Springsteen's backstage battle with his roadies moves front and center...HOT SHEET...What price Guns N' Roses?...FLASHES...and more.

FEATURES

20/COVER: The *Enterprise* Turns 25

BY BENJAMIN SVETKEY

In celebration of *Star Trek*'s 25th birthday, we boldly go to a *Star Trek* museum, journey to the set of TV's *The Next Generation*, uncover X-rated *Trek* tales, and find a Trekkie confession.

30/Behind Every Star... BY MELINA GEROSA

Those unsung Hollywood workers who cut Sly's hair, cook Liz's food, and tattoo Cher's body dish about serving celebrities.

34/Good Golly Miss Molly!

BY GISELLE BENATAR

In her new book, maverick columnist Molly Ivins finds the heroes and villains in Texas politics—and gives 'em all hell.

36/After the Fall BY MARY A. FISCHER

Hollywood's stunt force puts the action in action films, but, says *T2*'s Bob Brown, "We're not daredevils, and we're not crazy."

REVIEWS

42/MOVIES OWEN GLEIBERMAN on *Paradise, Liebes-
traum*, *Freddy's Dead*, and *Livin' Large!* **PLUS:** Mercedes Ruehl.

50/TELEVISION KEN TUCKER on *Step by Step* and *Keeping Secrets*; also, *Reasonable Doubts* and *Man of the People*. **PLUS:** Suzanne Somers.

56/BOOKS JOSH RUBINS on *Native Tongue*, by Carl Hiaasen; also, *The Sweet Hereafter*, by Russell Banks, and *I Hope*, by Raisa Gorbachev. **PLUS:** How to be a Southern belle.

62/MUSIC ARMOND WHITE on Public Enemy's *Apocalypse '91: The Enemy Strikes Black*; also, Garth Brooks' *Ropin' the Wind*. **PLUS:** *The Death of Klinghoffer*, an opera with terrorism.

68/VIDEO TY BURR on not-so-vintage movie musicals; also, three new videos about the Doors. **PLUS:** Video games.

76/KIDS KELLI PRYOR on Alexandra Day's *Carl the Dog* books; also, *Dancin' Magic* (Music) by Joanie Bartels.

DEPARTMENTS

4/Mail *Beverly Hills, 90210*; *Boyz n the Hood*; women and guns.

12/Close-Up Singer-songwriter Sam Phillips.

14/The Biz PC—as in politically correct—TV.

16/Trends The Nice Jewish Boy arrives on the tube.

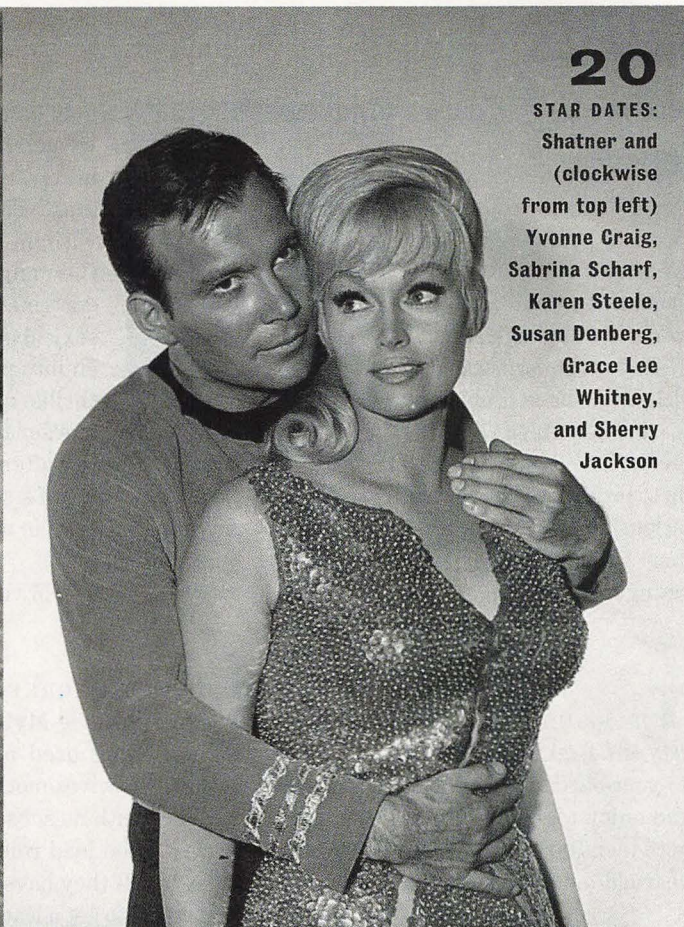
80/Encore Oct. 3, 1967: Woody Guthrie says so long.

Cover: KEN WHITMORE/SHOOTING STAR



20

STAR DATES:
Shatner and
(clockwise
from top left)
Yvonne Craig,
Sabrina Scharf,
Karen Steele,
Susan Denberg,
Grace Lee
Whitney,
and Sherry
Jackson



GLOBE PHOTOS '69

RIGHT ZIP CODE

AS A 16-YEAR-OLD, I very much relate to Brenda, Brandon, Dylan, Andrea, Kelly, Steve, Donna, and David. *Beverly Hills, 90210* (#82, Sept. 6) shows that normal, even rich, teens have problems too and helps teen viewers feel better about opening up to problems about sex, drugs, and relationships. I hope other Fox viewers start tuning in so *90210* gets the high rating it deserves.

MONICA PHILLIPS
San Ramon, Calif.

THANK YOU for your article on *Beverly Hills, 90210*. It is one program my 13-year-old daughter and I can sit down and enjoy together. It is a hit not only with teens but also with seniors; my 74-year-old mother thinks it's refreshing!

KATHY GLAGOLA
Baltimore

OF ALL THE photographs of Shannen Doherty you could have printed, was it really necessary to select one in which she is smoking a cigarette? If these young celebrities truly make "young women scream and young men whoop," then their fans will certainly emulate their personal habits.

DR. JEFFREY S. BAGGISH
Baltimore

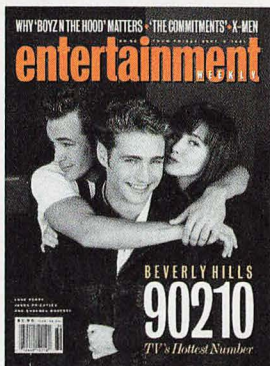
'BOYZ' SCHOOL

I ENJOYED YOUR article on *Boyz n the Hood*. I'm 17 and live in a small, prejudiced town. I knew things were bad in the projects, but the movie really opened my eyes. It hit hard, and it touched me.

AIMEE JO MAZZONI
McHenry, Ill.

SOME CAME GUNNING

MEREDITH BERKMAN's article "Shooting Down a Movie Myth" barely scratches the surface of the trouble with



movies that "empower" women by turning them into pistol-packing heroines. The questionable wisdom and morality of the might-makes-right doctrine aside, what's so sexy about turning women into pseudo-males for thrills and profit? The moviemaking misogynists lust after one thing: Compare the profiles of a smoking gun and any sweating stud in a porno film. Uncanny, isn't it?

MAGGIE MCEWAN
Cleveland

I MUST DISAGREE with "Shooting Down the Movie Myth." I am sick of women being used only as sexpots, hookers, or wives/mothers who have a few lines with no substance. There are too few good lead roles for many fine actresses. If they have to pump up and carry guns to get a lead role, I say more power to them. Movies like *Terminator 2* show strong women making their own decisions, taking care of themselves, and using guns only in self-defense. If that's a movie myth, then it's one I can live with.

PAMELA CONATY
Huntington, W. Va.

CONRADIANA

TWO SMALL corrections to the item about *CrimeBeat* magazine: As its editor, I've never dealt with investors (they were assembled by business affairs director Steve Fishman), and as a Joseph Conrad fan, I'd never quote him as saying "the fascination with abomination." Conrad's famous phrase refers to "the fascination of the abomination."

T.E.D. KLEIN
New York City

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3. Mail the coupon and your first \$12 monthly payment to Children International.

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☐ Guatemala ☐ Ecuador ☐ Holy Land Child

☐ OR, choose a child who most needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of \$ _____.

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NEWS & NOTES

SEPTEMBER 27, 1991 • MOVIES, TV, MUSIC, BOOKS, AND VIDEO • EDITED BY BARBARA O'DAIR

Who's the Boss?

Roadies' claims sting Springsteen

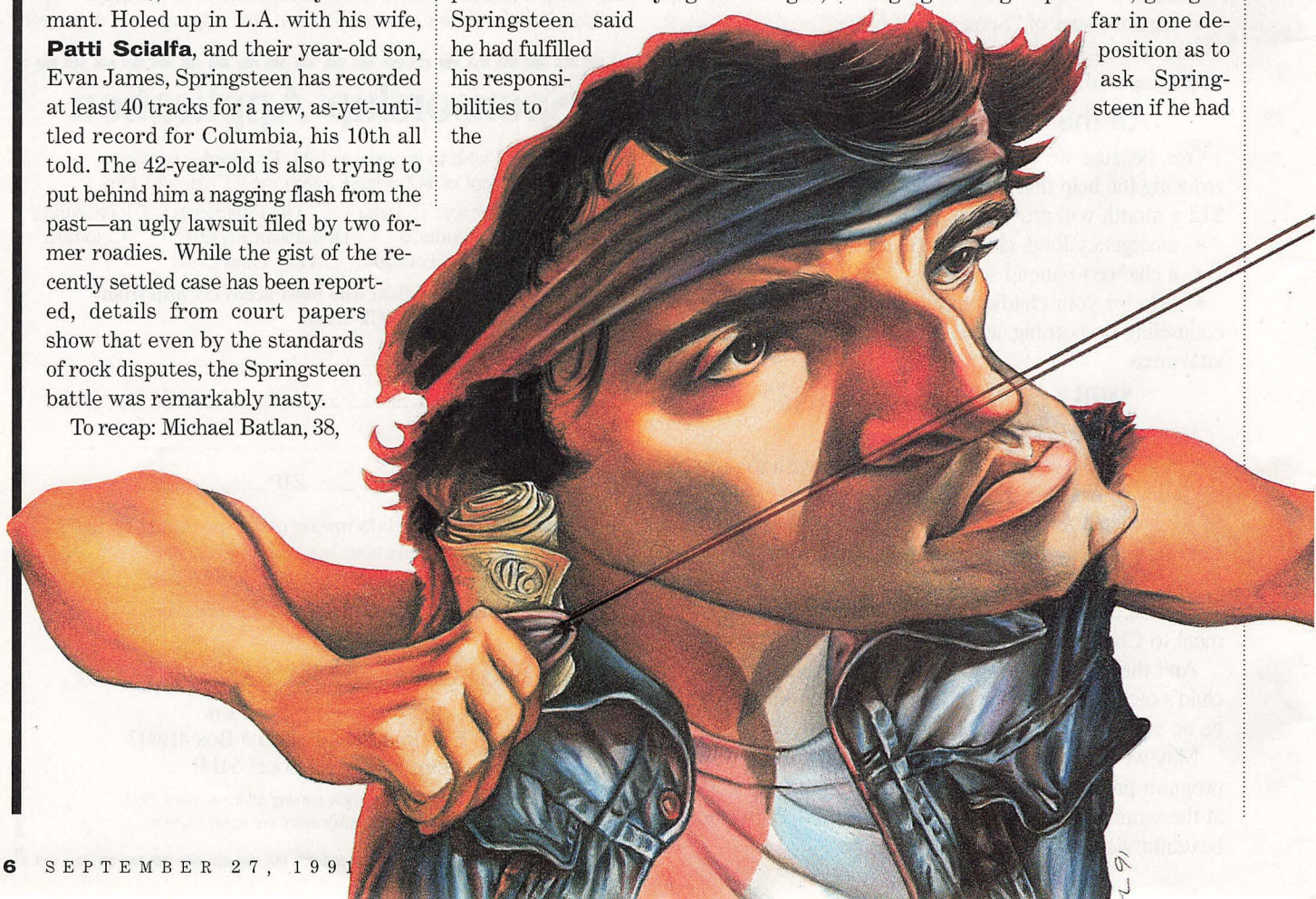
WHILE THE RETICENT **Bruce Springsteen** has been even more reclusive of late (his only musical foray since 1988's *Tunnel of Love* and Amnesty International tours was a benefit concert in L.A. last November), he hasn't exactly been dormant. Holed up in L.A. with his wife, **Patti Scialfa**, and their year-old son, Evan James, Springsteen has recorded at least 40 tracks for a new, as-yet-untitled record for Columbia, his 10th all told. The 42-year-old is also trying to put behind him a nagging flash from the past—an ugly lawsuit filed by two former roadies. While the gist of the recently settled case has been reported, details from court papers show that even by the standards of rock disputes, the Springsteen battle was remarkably nasty.

To recap: Michael Batlan, 38,

who worked as Bruce's guitar technician, and Douglas Sutphin, 36, a drum technician, primarily claimed that the Boss owed them overtime pay, unlawfully fined them, and failed to observe federal and state labor laws during their 10-year tenures. Batlan also claimed Springsteen breached an oral contract to pay him "slightly less" than what he paid the band. Denying all charges, Springsteen said he had fulfilled his responsibilities to the

roadies "three times, four times, 10 times over."

If the case had gone to trial and the roadies had won, their claims for overtime could have forced major changes in the rock concert business. (Rock crews do not earn an hourly wage, and this case could have set a precedent.) As it turned out, the suit was more notable for its down-and-dirty tactics, with each side calling the other a liar. For the roadies, that meant taking aim at Springsteen's blue-collar, true-to-his-roots image. "Bruce is not what he appears to be," said Batlan, who tried to paint the Boss as a former friend gone fatheaded on fame and money. The roadies' attorneys used the pre-trial discovery process for a wide-ranging fishing expedition, going so far in one deposition as to ask Springsteen if he had



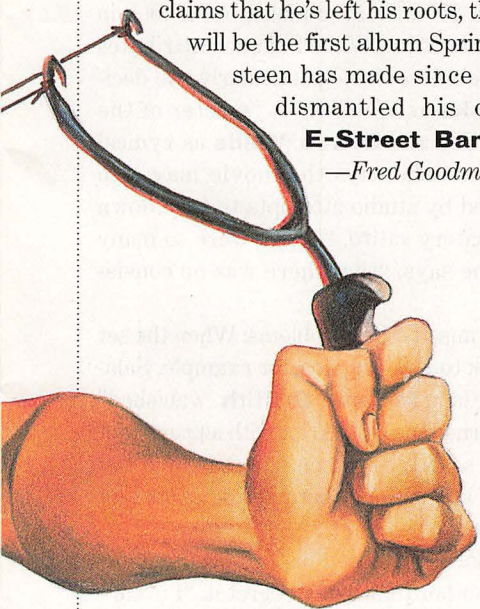
beaten his girlfriends.

The Boss responded by portraying Batlan and Sutphin as drug users who had jeopardized one of his tours by smuggling pot into Japan. He charged Batlan with bootlegging demo tapes, and characterized the pair as incompetents kept on for sentimental reasons. "They were the last two local guys," he said.

Attacks on character came from both sides. In one deposition the roadies' lawyers asked the star if he had ever heard of **Woody Guthrie**—the folksinger whose Depression-era songs about the downtrodden Springsteen has recorded. The Boss exploded. "I don't mean to be rude," an exasperated Springsteen said, "but to equate Mike and Doug with beleaguered factory workers from the '30s or migrant laborers—two guys that are making \$50,000 a year and walked out with almost a quarter of a million dollars between them—is, excuse my English, f---ing ridiculous."

Perhaps Judge Florence Peskoe concurred. The undisclosed settlement was reached just days before the case was to go to trial, when Judge Peskoe announced she was prepared to throw out a portion of the roadies' claims.

Bruce is back in Los Angeles, trying to finish the album for release sometime next year. Ironically, given the claims that he's left his roots, this will be the first album Springsteen has made since he dismantled his old **E-Street Band**.
—Fred Goodman



Shot in the Dark

THAT 116-PAGE **Calvin Klein** ad supplement to *Vanity Fair*, shot by photographer **Bruce Weber**, is steaming up certain newsstands this month with its black-and-white pictorials of pectorals and other naked, gleaming body parts. But one explicit image really stands out—a photo-within-a-photo of a man flipping a big fat finger to the camera. The finger man is rock promoter **Bill Graham**, circa 1967, and now he's flipping his lid because he claims no one asked for permission to use the old picture.

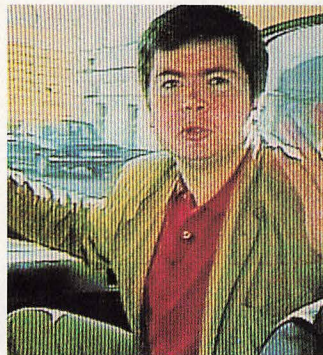
Graham, the rock impresario who in the '60s created Fillmore East and West, had given the okay for Weber to use the Warfield Theater in San Francisco as a location for the photo shoot. As a result, the ads also feature '60s relics discovered in the theater, such as a **Doors** sound-check schedule, a **Kinks** poster, and the picture of Graham, found hanging in a dressing room. An insider at Calvin Klein maintains Klein didn't recognize Graham in the photo and that the poster was viewed merely as a prop. But Graham is seeking an out-of-court settlement with Klein for personal damages for an undisclosed amount. "What about a man's right to privacy?" says Graham. "Why didn't Weber find out *who* it was?" But Bay Area photographer **Jim Marshall**, who took the original photo of Graham, says Weber knew it was Marshall's. When Marshall called Klein threatening a lawsuit, the designer offered him \$10,000, and Marshall had the money promptly. While Marshall insists he wouldn't have granted permission anyway, he isn't complaining: "Ten grand overnight—it's like found money." —Dakota Lane



Brain Matter

SWITCHING FROM a Communist system to a market economy has been downright pleasurable for cherubic, 30-year-old Soviet journalist **Artyom Borovik**, who was the object of a bidding war between ABC and CBS. Borovik, an editor at *Top Secret*, an independent Soviet journal, recently agreed to a one-year television contract with CBS News and *60 Minutes* for a salary that's rumored to be more than \$100,000. (ABC conceded the loss of Borovik but refuses further

comment.) Though a recent *Washington Post* story claimed that the initial bidding war took place *within* CBS, *60 Minutes* executive producer **Don Hewitt** says that's "absolutely untrue." Borovik came to viewers' attention when he provided **Mike Wallace** and **Dan Rather** with eyewitness reports during the coup-counter coup in late August. Most recently, Borovik completed two segments for the Sunday-night news magazine, one about the Soviets' everyday lives and another about the mysteries of "Room 19," a lab where a staff has been studying the brains of famous Soviets, including Lenin, Stalin, and Sakharov.
—Kate Meyers

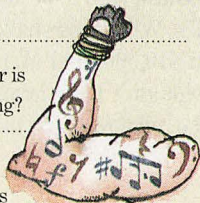
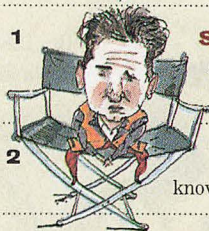


WHAT A COUP: CBS won the bidding war for Artyom Borovik

JIM MULLEN'S
HOT SHEET

What the country is talking about this week...

- 1 **SEAN PENN** He's not a pretentious, angst-ridden brat anymore. He's a pretentious, angst-ridden director.
- 2 **THE TRUMPS AT K MART** "I don't know either, dear. What is a vacuum cleaner?"
- 3 **CALVIN KLEIN ADS** Someone should have told the model his zipper was open—down to his feet.
- 4 **THE FISHER KING** Robin Williams plays a homeless man with all the answers. Except how to get a house.
- 5 **DOUGLAS WILDER** The Dems have started throwing their hats in the ring. Of course, that's everything they own.
- 6 **MURPHY BROWN** Two signs a sitcom is running out of gas—someone having a baby and the cast starting to put on "musicals."
- 7 **NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK** They made \$115 million last year and haven't changed a bit. Our kids have more spending money than we do.
- 8 **JODIE FOSTER** What kind of child star is this? Isn't she supposed to be out shoplifting?
- 9 **USE YOUR ILLUSION I and II** Four years to make the new Guns N' Roses albums. Apparently Axl can only write while he's getting tattooed.
- 10 **ROCK-VIDEO GIRLS** For people who feel the Miss America pageant isn't degrading enough.
- 11 **ROBERT GATES** He doesn't seem to know much about anything. He should be perfect for the CIA.
- 12 **EXPELLING WONDER YEARS** The producers have to find a new high school for locations because with the cameras around, the real students couldn't concentrate on goofing off.
- 13 **LAURA DERN** She plays a sexy, innocent free spirit in *Rambling Rose*, but not like the one she played in *Wild at Heart* or *Blue Velvet* or *Smooth Talk* or...
- 14 **A FISH CALLED WANDA** Making movies safe for television. They left in the incest jokes but toned down the stuttering cracks.
- 15 **MARKY MARK** Vealcake. Nobody's gonna get rich selling *him* shirts.



'Vanities' Press

AS DESCRIBED IN **Tom Wolfe's** scathing 1987 novel, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, New York society is fatally conceited, but according to *Wall Street Journal* film critic Julie Salamon, Warner Bros.' 1990 movie version was the biggest vanity of all. *The Devil's Candy*, her book about the filming of *Bonfire*, due from Houghton Mifflin in November, attributes the debacle to rash egomania. (The book's title was swiped from producer **Peter Guber**, who used the term "devil's candy" to describe the allure of the book's femme fatale, played by Melanie Griffith.) "Guber said, 'I'm smart enough to make this movie,'" reports Salamon, "and Warner Bros. said, 'We can do this.' And



STEVE SANDS

[director] **Brian De Palma** said, **TAKING IT ON THE CHIN:** 'I can do this.' So everybody's ego De Palma (right) directs Hanks and Griffith was at stake."

The *Ishtar* of the 1990 Christmas season, *Bonfire* cost \$50 million to make, but it took in only \$15 million at the box office. While Salamon attributes bad casting to the movie's nosedive—particularly the decision to star **Tom Hanks** as Wall Street "master of the universe" Sherman McCoy and **Bruce Willis** as cynical journalist Peter Fallow—she says the movie may also have been booby-trapped by studio attempts to tone down Wolfe's racially inflammatory satire. "There were so many compromises made," she says, "that there was no consistency of tone."

Unforeseeable events caused other problems: When the set switched from New York to Los Angeles, for example, Salamon reports that leading lady **Melanie Griffith** "vanished" for three weeks and returned to the L.A. lot with a prominent breast enlargement. So scenes begun on one coast and finished on the other show at least one character development never mentioned in the script.

Though director De Palma honored his promise to allow Salamon on the set, the author thinks he'll regret it. "I'm sure the book's existence is going to be a painful reminder of something...that just didn't work out," she says. De Palma was not available for comment, but a spokesman for Warner concedes, "It's no surprise that we would prefer there wasn't a book out about this movie." —Giselle Benatar

Drawing Power

STORY-STARVED Hollywood executives are leaving the pages of no comic book unturned these days. Never mind that 1990's *Dick Tracy* didn't blast its way into the stratosphere as Disney had expected (they've scratched plans for sequels as well as theme park attractions); *Batman*'s grosses (more than \$250 million) still stand as proof of the power of comics on film, so more comics-inspired creations are being inked for the screen:

◆ If an anxiety-ridden caped crusader can do it, Marvel Comics' legendary Spider-Man might also have a shot at the big time. **James Cameron** (*Terminator 2*) is reportedly eyeing **Spider-Man**, a project that has been in development at Sony Pictures (formerly Columbia Pictures). Since Cameron has the clout of a superhero himself now, thanks to *T2*, Spidey has acquired new importance, according to industry insiders. The studio also recently optioned Marvel's *The Black Panther*, which features a crime-fighting African prince named T'Challa, to develop for rising star **Wesley Snipes** (*Jungle Fever*).
◆ **Concrete** and **Flaming Carrot**, characters who look exactly as their

names suggest, may make it to the big screen; their offbeat publisher, Portland, Ore.-based Dark Horse Comics, has just signed a development deal with Twentieth Century Fox.

◆ The Japanese comic-book character **Mai, the Psychic Girl** will be the subject of a **Tim Burton** (*Edward Scissorhands*) musical for Carolco Pictures (which now has a distribution deal with TriStar). The director has already indicated he'd like his favorite leading lady, **Winona Ryder**, to star.

◆ The pesky misadventures of **Dennis the Menace** will be produced by kidmeister **John Hughes** (*Home Alone*). Cartoonist Hank Ketcham, who created Dennis almost 40 years ago, will supervise the script for Warner Bros. A director has yet to be announced.

◆ The rights to **Richie Rich**, the wealthiest kid in the world, are in the hands of producer **Joel Silver** (*Die Hard 2*) and Warner Bros.; **Macaulay Culkin** has been approached about the role. His asking price? \$4 million and 10 percent of the gross. So far, no deal.

◆ **Casper the Friendly Ghost** will feature a mix of live action and animation in a movie produced by the team of **Steven Spielberg's** Amblin Entertainment and Universal Pictures. Universal is also at the bottom of **Baby Huey**, the gargantuan duckling who will be the subject of both a six- to eight-minute theatrical short and a feature. —Pat H. Broeske



THE NEXT SUPERSTAR? Sony has Spidey

Nice Suit!

A look at the show-biz court docket

 The **Moody Blues** are being sued for breach of contract by **Patrick Moraz**, their keyboardist since 1979. According to his complaint, Moraz was all set to play in the group's 1991 concert tour when lead guitarist **Justin Hayward** told him in April that the Moodys had decided to split profits among four instead of five musicians. Moraz, who played on four albums and received 20 percent of the group's tour income and 16 percent of the band's LP royalties, is seeking \$500,000 in compensation and an accounting of profits.

 **Robin Williams** is being sued for a reported \$6.2 million by Michelle Tish-Carter, a former cocktail waitress at the Improv in L.A., claiming Williams gave her herpes during their two-year romantic entanglement, which began in 1984. Williams is countersuing, claiming that Tish-Carter has been extorting cash from him since



Williams



Stallone



Collins

1985, when she falsely claimed she was pregnant. At that time, according to Williams' suit, she demanded \$20,000 and a new car in exchange for her silence.

 **Sly Stallone** filed a \$25 million libel suit against another supermarket tabloid, *News Extra*, which alleged that steroid use had rendered the actor impotent. Stallone called the story "completely false and defamatory."

 **Joan Collins** filed a \$20 million suit against the *Globe*, claiming that by trespassing to photograph her undressing in her bedroom and changing her clothes in her backyard, the tabloid invaded her privacy. —Diane Goldner

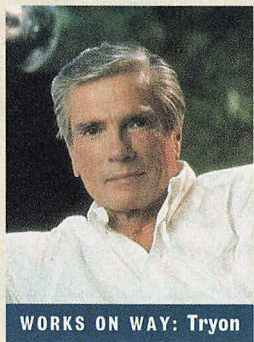
F L A S H E S



BERRY GOOD: lang

MOVIES: Grammy winner **k.d. lang** didn't win the best actress award (**Laura Dern** did, for *Rambling Rose*), but *Salmonberries*, the movie in which she makes her acting debut, garnered the top prize at the recent Montreal World Film Festival. "I'm totally untrained as an actress, but I decided I wanted to do a movie," she says. As for the tale of a half-white, half-Inuit Indian orphan on a journey of self-discovery, lang adds, "When the script arrived, I thought, 'This is just like my childhood in Alberta.'" It helped that the director, **Percy Adlon**, had directed one of the singer's favorite films, 1988's *Bagdad Café*, and that she had asked him to direct her "So in Love" video for the *Red, Hot + Blue* disc....

BOOKS: Actor-turned-novelist **Thomas Tryon** (*The Other, Harvest Home*), who died this month at 65, had recently completed *By the Rivers of Babylon*, the second in a projected four-novel series about 19th-century New England. Knopf will publish it in the spring of '92, along with his *The Adventures of Opal and Cupid*, a children's book Warner Bros. is considering for film development. Tryon was also under contract with Simon & Schuster for a gothic horror novel, which was close to completion when he died of cancer....



WORKS ON WAY: Tryon

TV: "When you're an actor, you're either a character actor or you play yourself," says **Twiggy Lawson**, who costars with **Julie Hagerty** and **Fran Drescher** on CBS' new sitcom, *Princesses*. "The way I've always gotten parts is by playing characters who are close to me." This time around was no exception. The creators of the comedy—about three diverse women sharing digs—fashioned Twiggy's character, Georgy, with the 42-year-old '60s glamour girl in mind. The actress helped flesh out her part. "When it came to Georgy, I had a choice.

She could be either born a royal, or a princess through marriage.

The born-royal thing is one joke, really. I saw Georgy as a step further than Eliza Doolittle: She grew up in a working-class family, she danced and sang, her prince saw her, and they lived happily for years until he died and the family, in dispute over the will, sent her to New York to be rid of her."... ♦ When *thirtysomething's* **Patricia Wettig** won her third

Emmy last month, she thanked her "favorite director"—her husband, **Ken Olin**. Others, apparently, are starting to share her favorite: Olin has already directed **James Carrey** (*In Living Color*) in this winter's

Fox Broadcasting movie *Doing Time on Maple Drive*; now he'll step behind the camera again to direct **Jimmy Smits** in ABC's *The Broken Cord*, a fact-based drama about fetal alcohol syndrome, based on the best-selling book by **Michael Dorris**.

GEORGY GIRL: Twiggy

—Leonard Klady, Tina Jordan, Mark Harris

Illusory Deal

WHEN IT COMES to pricing **Guns N' Roses' Use Your Illusion I and II**, Geffen Records is apparently using an even newer form of new math. According to the label, the rationale behind releasing the hotly anticipated work on Sept. 17 as two separate albums was to prevent cash-poor music fans from having to fork over \$30 for a two-CD set. Geffen instead split the album and released it as two distinct CDs—each listing for \$15.98. Some savings, huh?



MONEY-MAKER: Axl Rose on tour this year

"It's hard to ask people to plunk down all that money at once," says Robert Smith, Geffen's head of marketing. "But a kid could have \$15.98 one week and then come back a week or two later with another \$15.98." Needless to say, not everyone thinks the Guns N' Roses installment plan was created just for consumer convenience. Howard Cespedes, manager of one of Tower Records' New York City stores, says, "I guess they just want to capitalize on additional sales and make more money." —David Browne

RANDOM QUOTE

Liz on Love

"IT MAY BE obvious that I'm the marrying kind. But every time I got married I had hoped that it would be forever. It's like when you make a film—you don't make a film hoping it's going to be a disaster."

—**Elizabeth Taylor** at a press conference launching her new perfume



JOHN BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS

Panasonic introduces the **Palmcorder.™** It's VHS! So its tapes will play in your VHS recorder.

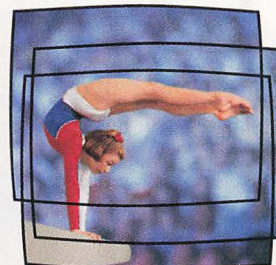
Be careful, or you could end up with a compact camcorder that shoots tapes that can't play in your VHS recorder. Instead they force you to connect your camcorder to your TV every time you want to watch your tapes.

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So before you buy a compact camcorder, Panasonic has a good question for you... "Will its tapes play in your VCR?" ■

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**BEFORE YOU BUY A
COMPACT CAMCORDER,
ASK... "WILL ITS TAPES
PLAY IN MY VCR?"**

Sam Phillips

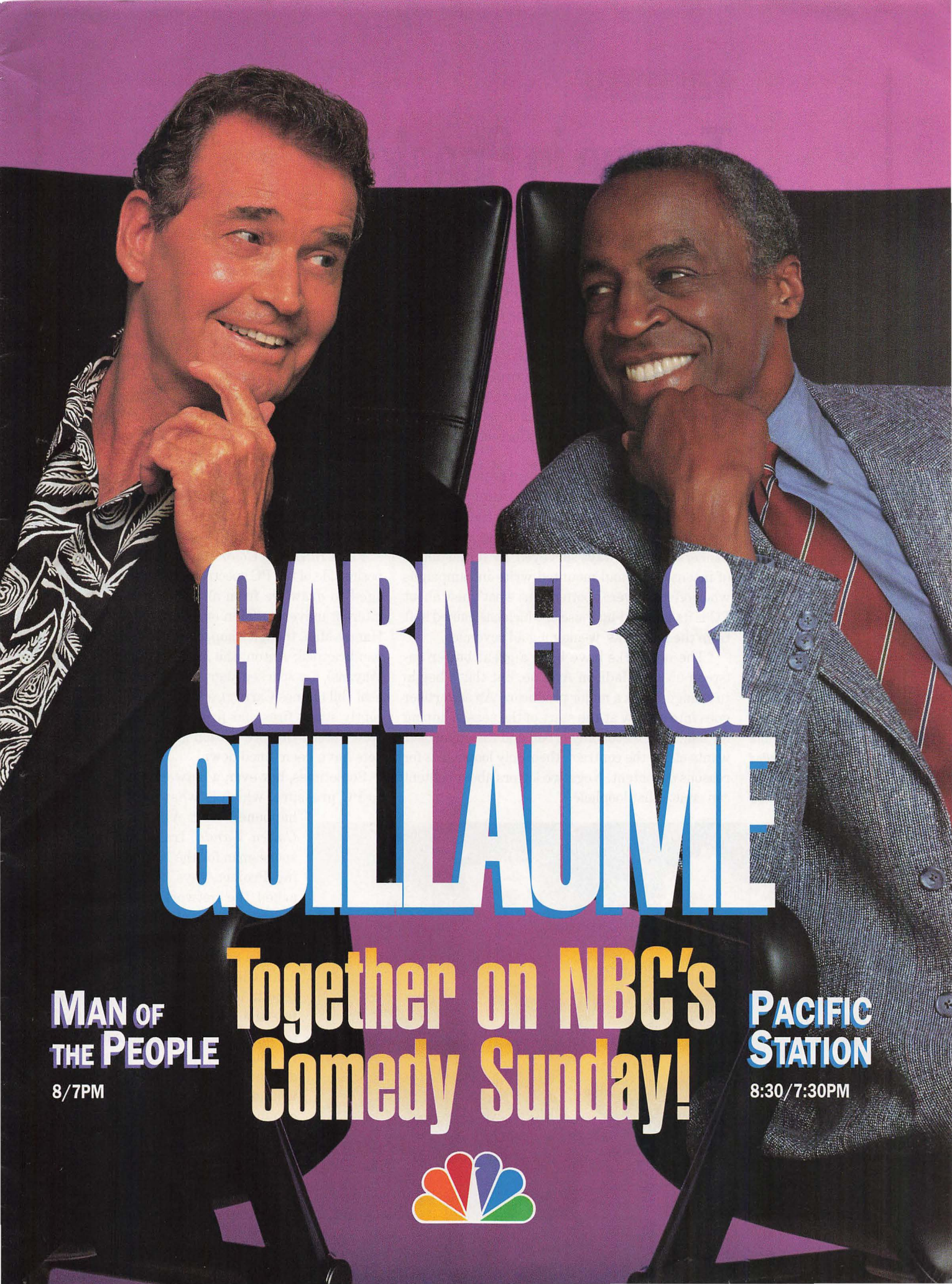
*This singer
isn't afraid
to reveal
herself in
her songs*



SHE ADORES **George Gershwin**. **Randy Newman** is her hero. And she's loved the **Beatles** since she was 4. It's their melodies that move her, and 29-year-old **Sam Phillips** is trying to carry on the tradition with her second album, *Cruel Inventions*. Full of her delicate, haunted persona—part little-girl dreamer, part dusky-voiced cynic—it has the same lushness and eclectic arrangements that graced her 1988 release, *The Indescribable Wow*. But *Inventions* is even darker, and its single, "Lying," is a smash on college campuses. Smitten critics have placed the L.A. native at the vanguard of a new generation of pop singer-songwriters.

"A lot of the album is about exploitation," Phillips says, explaining her lyrics' introspective quality. It's a natural subject for her: She devoted her youth to studying religion and recorded Christian music under her given name, Leslie, before becoming disenchanted in 1987. "Fundamentalism is a horrible human disease," she says now. "It has nothing to do with love."

Phillips met singer-guitarist **T Bone Burnett** (*The Talking Animals*) at the same time she was leaving old-time religion behind. He became her producer, then her husband in 1990, and the twosome produced *Inventions*. "T Bone is good at casting the musicians," says Phillips, whose partners on *Inventions* include longtime Burnett collaborator **Elvis Costello**. Riding on the record's good buzz, Phillips opened Costello's tour dates on the West Coast and England this summer. Nevertheless, *Inventions* has received more acclaim than airplay. Frustrated, Phillips jokes that perhaps she should adopt a more formulaic style, the kind she wouldn't "have to take so much to heart." Her fans, no doubt, would find that a cruel invention indeed. —*Elysa Gardner*

A promotional photograph of two men, Garner and Guillaume, sitting in black leather chairs against a purple background. The man on the left is white with dark hair, wearing a black and white patterned shirt, and is smiling while resting his chin on his hand. The man on the right is Black with grey hair, wearing a grey suit jacket over a blue shirt and a red striped tie, also smiling with his hand on his chin.

GARNER & GUILLAUME

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STATION**

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Tongue in Check

Special-
interest groups
put heat on
vulnerable
networks

WHEN ABC RECENTLY aired the 1988 comedy *A Fish Called Wanda*, the network cut scenes that showed Kevin Kline mocking Michael Palin for his stuttering. *Wanda* producer Michael Shamberg and executive producer John Cleese publicly protested the influence of pressure groups. The episode signaled a new chapter in television self-censorship. PCTV, Politically Correct Television, had come out in the open.

Of course, PC has long been on network patrol. Special-interest groups—representing everyone from the physically and emotionally handicapped, er, challenged, to gays and lesbians to nurses and bankers—have always surveyed TV for instances of insensitivity and mounted write-in campaigns when offenses were spotted. But what's new about PC is its pumped-up muscle, which has gained heft from the networks' weakening ad revenues.

"The networks have been a great buffer between us and Madison Avenue, but that's begun to change," says a major producer. "An advertiser goes into a show at the start of the season hoping for a hit. If the economy is bad and the advertiser wants out of the contract, their only loophole is for reasons of content. Negative letters about content can create that loophole."

SOMETHING FISHY:
John Cleese (right)
and Michael Palin
in *A Fish Called Wanda*, which was
trimmed by ABC

While few will admit they've bowed to PC sway, there are exceptions. Barney Rosenzweig, executive producer of CBS' *The Trials of Rosie O'Neill*, acknowledges that he recently took into account the risk of provoking the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. When planning an episode about a defendant who's tried for an act that isn't a crime in his native culture, Rosenzweig chose a Laotian over an Arab character, although the Arab would have been more topical and easier to cast. "I veered away because I feel vulnerable to the accusation of stereotyping," says Rosenzweig, who was criticized by the ADC for the character of a reckless Arab playboy on his *Cagney & Lacey*. "I got a lot of letters on that one," Rosenzweig says. "I think they were right."

Fox's *In Living Color* stands firmly on the opposite side of the PC spectrum. Its skits have managed to draw ire from all parts of the special-interest universe. "Men on..." has angered gays; Handy-Man, though a superhero, has slighted the handicapped; Anton, the homeless man (Damon Wayans), has sparked angry letters; and Fire Marshal Bill (James Carrey), a bumbler who inadvertently starts fires, has prompted protest from a New Jersey fire-prevention group. None of the acts have been toned down.

Sometimes, however, a network can overreact to PC pressure, which is what seems to have happened with ABC and *A Fish Called Wanda*. Ira Zimmerman, a spokesman for the National Stuttering Project, says his group never asked the network to cut even a second of the movie: "We asked ABC to run a disclaimer, written by Michael Shamberg and approved by John Cleese, that they did not intend to leave viewers with false impressions about why people stutter in real life." ABC, which declined to comment, chose cuts over the disclaimer, and Shamberg and Cleese wound up blaming the stutterers' group for the artistic violation of their film. Says Zimmerman, "I regret that the producers were misinformed about what happened, but the broadcast itself turned out to be a major victory." —Jane Birnbaum



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IT STIRS THE HEART

Pick-Up Shticks

New TV roles
for young
single Jewish
men break
with tradition

AT LAST THE PRAYERS of mothers across the nation have been answered: The era of the Nice Jewish Boy has arrived on television. This season there are at least three men a single Jewish woman could happily bring home to meet the family: *Northern Exposure's* Dr. Joel Fleischman (Rob Morrow), the consummate New York doctor who is only, at the moment, *geographically* undesirable; Jerry Seinfeld, the high-strung but lovable comedian on *Seinfeld*; and Marty Gold (Richard Lewis), the insecure, sardonic magazine writer on *Anything But Love*.

What makes these upscale Jewish men different is that they wear their religion on their sleeves. Long gone are the days when Jews were just TV's middle-class comic foils, like the hapless and bulbous-nosed Murray the Cop (Al Molinaro) on *The Odd Couple*, or the depressed cab driver Alex Rieger (Judd Hirsch) on *Taxi*. They wore their *hearts* on their sleeves, and we only guessed these guys were Jewish because they were walking ethnic stereotypes.

Joel, Jerry, and Marty are another breed. These are ethnically correct Jewish men who actually

kibitz about their culture and use words like *trayf* (non-kosher meat) and *shiksa* (a non-Jewish woman). Two seasons ago, Marty took Hannah Miller (Jamie Lee Curtis) to his family's hellish Passover seder. Jerry has had to contend with the interference of his loving-but-cloying parents, who live in Florida. And Joel had New York bagels Federal Expressed to him by his girlfriend.

When *Murphy Brown's* self-important producer, Miles Silverberg, referred to his bar mitzvah as his "rite of passage," it signaled the arrival of the '90s NJB. That same season, *thirtysomething's* Michael Steadman fathered a son, and suddenly this nonobservant Jew with the beautiful Episcopalian wife was faced with the question: To have or not to have a *bris*? And now Murphy herself is pregnant by her Jewish ex-husband. And, if the baby is a boy, you can bet that show will have its own take on circumcision.

Of course, these new Jewish men are neurotic—but in these self-doubting times, neurotic is sexy. The Jewish man, once the butt of his own jokes, is now an appealing combination of intelligence, wit, and not-so-subtle sensuality. Suddenly, it's hip to be insecure. And guess what? These self-deprecating guys have the "shiksa goddesses" to prove it—what some might see as a sure sign of Jewish male success. Joel's love interest is the tough but tender Midwesterner Maggie O'Connell (Janine Turner). Marty has lovingly referred to Hannah, his colleague/lover as his "angry shiksa." Jerry's erstwhile lover Elaine Benes (Julia Louis-Dreyfus), though neurotic in her own right, has an upright WASP for a father.

So where does that leave the Nice Jewish Girl? Now that *thirtysomething's* been canceled, why doesn't the terminally single Melissa Steadman move next door to Jerry? Why not have *Rhoda's* sister Brenda move to Cicely, Alaska, and work as Joel's nurse? If worse comes to worst, maybe Hannah can convert. Chances are that would make Marty's mother happy. —Meredith Berkman



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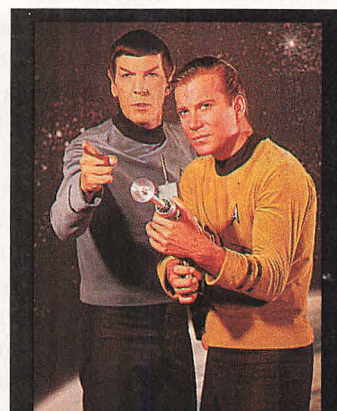
What a Long, Strang

'ENTERPRISE' TURNS 25

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 090891:

THE *ENTERPRISE* has assumed orbit around a Class M planet inhabited by the oddest race of creatures we've ever encountered. They call themselves "Trekkies"—some insist on the word "Trekkers"—and their entire civilization seems to be based on an ancient TV show about a band of space-age pioneers. They worship in hives called "conventions," where they don silly velour uniforms and plastic pointy ears. Mr. Spock says these strange

beings are harmless, but I'm not so sure. Something about them seems disturbingly familiar. ➤



TIME CAPSULES: William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy two decades ago, above, and today giving the Vulcan salute ("Live long and prosper")

e Trek It's Been

BY BENJAMIN SVETKEY

Of all the worlds the starship *Enterprise* has visited since its launch 25 years ago this month—Rigel 7, Janus VI, Omicron Ceti III, and others—the most hospitable has always been its home planet, Earth. We Terrons can't get enough of *Star Trek*: The original series is still broadcast in the U.S. more than 200 times a day. It has been translated into 47 languages, including Hebrew, Portuguese, Dutch, and Swedish. Its sequel series, *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, is one of the most popular syndicated shows in the country, seen by more than 17 million a week. The five *Trek* movies—the sixth is due in December—have been among the most successful science fiction films ever made, earning a total of \$398 million. When you add in 25 years' worth of *Trek* toys, posters, and lunch boxes, you're talking about one of the most profitable cult franchises in entertainment history.

The irony is that *Star Trek* was a flop when it first aired on NBC (Sept. 8, 1966, to June 3, 1969), never climbing above 50th in the Nielsens and lagging behind such powerhouse programming as *Mr. Terrific* and *The Tammy Grimes Show*. Three times NBC tried to cancel it, each time triggering an avalanche of fan letters. In 1968 alone, the network received more than a million—including ones from New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller and sci-fi author Isaac Asimov.

Over the past 25 years, fans have multiplied faster than those furry little fuzzballs called Tribbles. Today there are more than 200 *Star Trek* clubs nationwide, hundreds of annual *Trek* conventions, and more than 500 *Trek* fanzines. For thousands of Americans, *Star Trek* isn't just a TV show—it's a way of life-on-other-planets. To those fans—and to anybody else who's ever tuned in—we devote these pages. Herewith, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY's bold look back at 25 years of warp-speed TV.

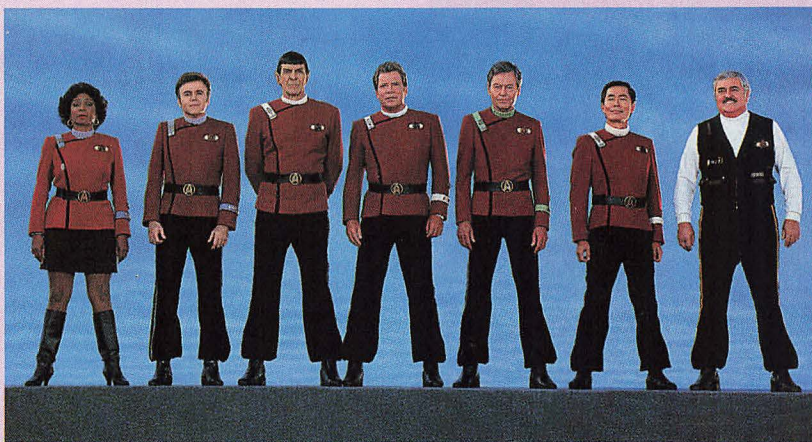
WITH 'VI' YOU GET AMORE

What may be the crew's last film voyage finds Spock in love

WHEN LAST SEEN in 1989's *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*, William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley were huddled around a campfire, singing "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." Neither critics nor audiences were amused. The \$52 million in ticket sales, less than half of what the previous *Trek* film had earned, seemed sure to send the *Enterprise* into permanent dry dock.

But, at the urging of ex-Paramount chairman Frank Mancuso, Nimoy dreamed up one last story line, which he took to Nicholas Meyer, director of the lively *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*. His premise for what would supposedly be the *Enterprise's* final voyage: *The Federation has begun peace negotiations with the warlike Klingons, when suddenly...* With Meyer directing, the film began shooting April 16 under heavy secrecy. But this much is known: For much of the movie, Captain Kirk and Dr. McCoy (Kelley) are together in prison and George Takei's Mr. Sulu is separated from the crew. Nimoy's Mr. Spock discovers a Vulcan love interest in Kim Cattrall's Lieutenant Valeris. And there have been hints that political intrigue within the crumbling Klingon empire bears a prescient resemblance to recent events in the Soviet Union.

Even though the studio insists *Star Trek VI*, to be released Dec. 13, will be the original cast's last flight, the final day of filming was remarkably unsentimental. "By the time we finished the last scene, which extended longer than we expected, there was a sense of irritation," Shatner says. "We raised a glass of champagne, but everybody was actually a little antsy." Despite unconfirmed rumors of Kirk's demise, Meyer insists all the main characters survive. Which suggests that, the box office willing, it may not be all that final. As Meyer admits, "In a funny way, once you've killed a character"—as he dispatched Spock in *Star Trek II*—"and brought him back to life, there is no such thing as a final ending." —Gregg Kilday



MAGNIFICENT SEVEN: The aging crew from *Star Trek VI*, due out this Christmas

PHOTOGRAPH BY DIRCK HALSTED/AGAMMA LIAISON

SPACE & TIME

*The TV debut,
the reviews, the
movies, the comics*

SEPT. 8, 1966

8:30 p.m. *Star Trek* premieres with "The Man Trap," about a deadly alien that sucks the salt from bodies. McCoy first utters the words "He's dead, Jim." Few TV viewers notice.

SEPT. 14, 1966

The critics weigh in. Says *Variety*: "An incredible and dreary mess. The interplanetary spaceship trudged on for a long hour with hardly any relief from violence, killings, hypnotic stuff, and a distasteful, ugly monster."



PHOTOGRAPH BY DIRCK HALSTED/AGAMMA LIAISON

MARCH 1967

Trek is nominated for five Emmy awards, including Best Dramatic Series and Best Special Effects, but wins none. Ratings remain anemic, and NBC moves the show from Thursday to Friday.



PHOTOGRAPH BY REX NYSTEDT

WEIGHT ROOM: The Planet Walker lets visitors feel the effects of other planets' gravities

KLINGONS UNDER GLASS

An Oregon museum opens an Enterprising exhibit

NEW YORK HAS the Guggenheim, Paris has the Louvre, but Portland will soon have...*Star Trek: The Museum*, the largest *Trek* archive in the galaxy.

The Oregon Museum of Science and Industry's 6,000-square-foot, million-dollar *Trek* exhibit, called "Star Trek: Federation Science," will house dozens of artifacts—phasers, communicators, tricorders—as well as replicas of the *Enterprise's* command bridge, engine room, and transporter system. "Some exhibits will actually work," promises the museum's creative director, Rick Shannon. A *Trek* exhibit called the Planet Walker, for instance, will let visitors experience the effects of different planets' gravities. Another will demon-

strate Newton's third law of motion. "We'll have a chair on wheels," says Shannon, "and when people sit in it and throw beanbags, they'll roll backward. That's how they'll learn about action and reaction." The *Trek* mecca, financed by private donations and exhibit fees, is scheduled to open in January; after six months it will travel to Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, Denver, and a few other cities before returning home. It can count on competition: The Smithsonian is launching a smaller *Trek* exhibit of its own—displaying Romulan uniforms and starship models, among other things—at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C., Feb. 28 through Labor Day.

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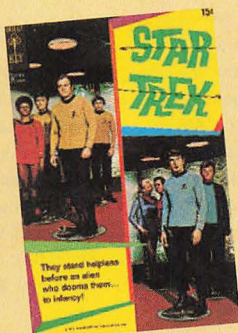
HERE'S WHAT a pretty good Trekkie starter kit costs these days, based on prices at a recent *Star Trek* convention in Arlington, Va.:

- ◆ Star Fleet Academy sweatpants: **\$20**
- ◆ *Star Trek* insignia button: **\$6**
- ◆ *Star Trek* collector's plate: **\$75**
- ◆ *Star Trek* collector's plate with autographs: **\$100**
- ◆ *Star Trek* glow-in-the-dark yo-yo: **\$3**
- ◆ "Beam Me Up, Scotty" pen: **\$1**
- ◆ 10-inch-high Captain Kirk doll: **\$50**
- ◆ 10-inch-high Mr. Spock doll: **\$60**
- ◆ Phaser: **\$35**
- ◆ Phaser with working lights and sound effects: **\$225**
- ◆ Stuffed Tribble: **\$3**
- ◆ *Enterprise* charm necklace: **\$15**
- ◆ *Star Trek* chess set with gold- and silver-plated pieces: **\$944**
- ◆ *Star Trek* plastic lunch box: **\$20**
- ◆ Communicator: **\$60**
- ◆ Communicator with working lights and sound effects: **\$225**
- ◆ *Star Trek* rubber stamp: **\$14**
- ◆ *Star Trek* transporter mug (add cold water and Spock disappears): **\$12**
- ◆ *Star Trek* sound-effects cassette: **\$10**
- ◆ Star Fleet surgical scrubs: **\$15**
- ◆ *Star Trek* 25th-anniversary silver medallion: **\$125**
- ◆ *Star Trek* pewter mug: **\$195**
- ◆ *Star Trek* quartz watch: **\$195**
- ◆ *Star Trek* T-shirt: **\$10**
- ◆ Tricorder with working lights and sound effects: **\$225**
- ◆ *Star Trek* trading cards: **\$1** per pack

TOTAL TAB: \$2,644

JULY 1967

Gold Key Comics publishes the first *Star Trek* comic book, titled, appropriately enough, *Star Trek*. Current market value: \$200-\$250 for a near-mint-quality copy.



JANUARY 1968

NBC hints that *Trek* may soon be canceled. Fans deluge the network with a record 16,000 protest letters in a single month, including a 1,764-signature petition from students of the Andrews School for Girls in Willoughby, Ohio. The legend is born.

MARCH 1, 1968

After the episode "The Omega Glory," NBC airs an unprecedented announcement: "We are pleased to tell you that *Star Trek* will continue to be seen on NBC Television. We know you will be looking forward to seeing the weekly adventure in space on *Star Trek*."



DECEMBER 1968

NBC, backsliding, drops another cancellation hint. More than 500 Cal Tech Trekkies hold a protest rally at NBC Studios in Burbank, Calif.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN LEVISON

OH CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN: Patrick Stewart and Marina Sirtis filming the episode "Silicon Avatar"

TALKING 'BOUT NEXT G-G-GENERATION

A far-out visit to the set of television's new 'Trek'

"DON'T SIT in the captain's chair," a production assistant warns me as I step onto the bridge of the starship *Enterprise*. "That's the *worst* thing you can do. Only the captain is allowed to sit in the captain's chair."

I keep waiting for her to say "joke," but it turns out she couldn't be more serious—and not just about the seating arrangements. There are all sorts of nutty rules here on the Hollywood set of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*: Don't refer to the original *Star Trek* as the *old Star Trek* (the word *old* is considered insulting—who knows why). Don't talk to any guest aliens without permission (they aren't "spokesmen" for the show). Don't drink soda in the transporter room (you might accidentally molecularize someone into a can of Fresca). There's a lot to be said for life in the 24th century, but it sure could stand some lightening up.

Of course, *Next Generation* can afford a few on-set idiosyncrasies. Now entering its fifth season, it's the single most popular hour-long syndicated drama on TV; among males ages 18-49, the classic Trekkie demographic, it's the most popular hour-long drama on TV. The series is so hot, in fact, that sever-

al local TV stations have preempted network programs to make room for it during prime time.

Like the old—sorry, I mean the *original*—*Star Trek*, this show is produced by Paramount TV, with *Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry once again the executive producer. It follows pretty much the same formula as the first series, only this time the setting is some 80 years further into the future, around 2360 A.D. The good ship *Enterprise* is still in business, still warping around the galaxy exploring tacky new worlds.

There are differences between the two series, however. The original *Trek*'s special effects were notoriously cheap and cheesy; the new *Trek* reportedly spends \$500,000 a week to create the most sophisticated effects ever used in a TV series. There's also a new cast: British actor Patrick Stewart plays Captain Picard, a more introspective skipper than William Shatner's swashbuckling Kirk. Filling the Spock slot is Brent Spiner's Data, a pale android who wants to feel human emotion. There's also Gates McFadden as the ship's doctor, Michael Dorn as the woolly-faced Klingon security officer, LeVar Burton as the ship's blind engineer (whose funky space-age shades allow him to see), and, occasionally, Whoopi Goldberg as the ship's bartender (yes, *bartender*).

When I visit the set in late August, the cast is taking a break from filming "Silicon Avatar," an episode about a creature buzzing around the cosmos sucking the life-force from defenseless planets. In one corner of the soundstage, an extra is unzipping himself from a gigantic rubber alien costume that looks like a huge dried apricot with arms. In another corner, a group of Star Fleet officers is nibbling on jelly doughnuts and gossiping about a hot rumor—that Shatner will take a break from shooting *Rescue 911* to do a guest spot as a geriatric Captain Kirk.

"I have a great idea for a script," Spiner jokes as a makeup artist touches up his robot-white complexion. "We could call it 'The Phantom of the *Enterprise*.' One of the crew members

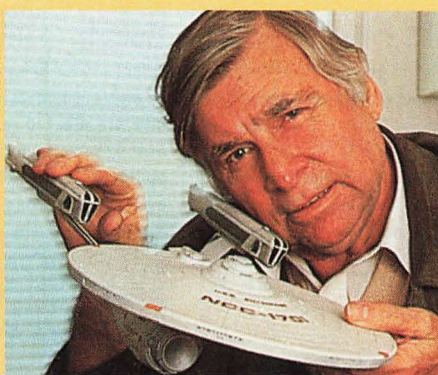
FEBRUARY 1969

NBC cancels *Star Trek*.

JUNE 3, 1969

NBC broadcasts the last episode, "Turnabout Intruder." Kirk's body is temporarily hijacked by Dr. Janice Lester, an old flame who wants command of her own starship.

D. KIRKLAND/STYOMA



FEBRUARY 1972

The first *Star Trek* convention is held in New York's Statler Hilton Hotel. Thousands attend, including *Trek* producer Gene Roddenberry (left).

SEPTEMBER 1974

NBC launches *Star Trek—The Animated Series*, a Saturday-morning cartoon version of the show, with most of the original cast contributing voices. It lasts two seasons and wins an Emmy. (It will be back this fall in reruns; look for it on cable's new Sci-Fi Channel.)

disappears and we find her in the bowels of the ship, where this ancient, mangled creature is holding her captive. It turns out to be Kirk, who's gone mad. He's been hiding out in the *Enterprise* all these years. He just can't let go."

The rumor turns out to be false—Shatner isn't interested—but lots of other big stars are, including Leonard Nimoy, who's lately been busy directing (*Three Men and a Baby*, *The Good Mother*) but will Trek again in November. In fact, *Next Generation* seems to be the "in" show for guest spots these days. Mick Fleetwood, Corbin Bernsen, and Bebe Neuwirth have already appeared (disguised as aliens), and there's talk that Rosanna Arquette, Sean Young, Robin Williams, Elliott Gould, and John Goodman may beam aboard as guests during the 1992-'93 season.

"It just seemed like the right time to do it," says Nimoy, who hasn't appeared on TV as Spock since the original series. "With the 25th anniversary and the final *Star Trek* film coming out—there's this sense of closure. I started the Spock character on TV, so it seemed like a good idea to finally bring him back to TV. Just to bring things full circle." The Spock episode is due to run a month before the release of the film *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*. It will undoubtedly be one of the best-watched episodes in either series' history, prompting even more cross-pollination between the shows and films.

Which raises some interesting questions. Will there ever be a *Next Generation* feature film? Will *Next Generation* inspire any sequels of its own—maybe *Star Trek: The Lost Generation*? And how long do Vulcans live, anyway?

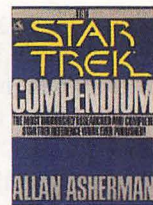


ROBO-STRUMMER: Brent Spiner relaxing with guitar between takes

VULCAN VOLUMES

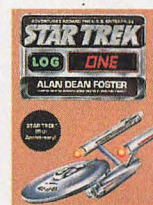
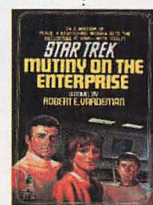
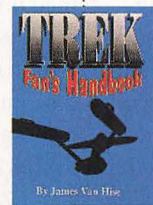
The show has inspired hundreds of titles

YOU'VE SEEN the TV show. You've seen the movies. You've seen the other television show. Maybe it's time to try *Star Trek: The Books*. You have



hundreds to choose from. On the nonfiction shelf, there are about 20 titles, including *The Making of Star Trek* (Ballantine, \$5.99, 1968), a guide to how the series was produced; *The Star Trek Compendium* (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95, 1981), with plot descriptions of each episode; *The Trek Fan's Handbook* (Pioneer, \$9.95, 1990), listing fan clubs, conventions, and merchandise; and, out this month, *Star Trek: The First 25 Years* (Pocket, \$45), a coffee-table edition full of reminiscences by cast and crew.

Trek novels are even more abundant. There's *Mutiny on the Enterprise* by Robert E. Vardeman, in which an alien casts a spell of pacifism over the crew (Pocket, \$4.50, 1983); *The Vulcan Academy Murders* by Jean Lorrah, in which an alien serial killer stalks a Vulcan hospital (Pocket, \$4.50, 1984); *Crisis on Centaurus* by Brad Ferguson, in which Lieutenant Uhura takes



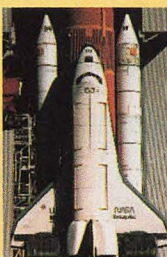
command of the *Enterprise* (Pocket, \$4.50, 1986); and more than 100 others. There are also 10 novelizations of the *Star Trek* cartoon series (*Star Trek Log 1-10*, \$4.95 each) and of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (including *Reunion*, a \$19 hardcover from Pocket that is due in November).

Most *Trek* books sell surprisingly briskly—in fact, the novels constitute the single most popular paperback series in publishing. Thirty-five titles—including *Spock's World* (1988), *The Lost Years* (1989), and *Prime Directive* (1990)—have even been best-sellers.

Books by *Trek* cast members could fill a shelf all their own: Shatner has dabbled in both fiction (his third sci-fi novel, *Tek Lab*, is due in December) and nonfiction (1989's *Captain's Log: William Shatner's Personal Account of the Making of Star Trek V*, Pocket Books, \$4.50). Nimoy wrote a 1975 autobiography, *I Am Not Spock* (Ballantine; out of print). So far, no *Next Generation* cast members have picked up pens, but you can bet your weight in dilithium crystals they'll get around to it.

SEPTEMBER 1976

The U.S. space shuttle *Constitution* is renamed the *Enterprise* after Trekkies launch a letter-writing campaign to President Ford.



DECEMBER 1979

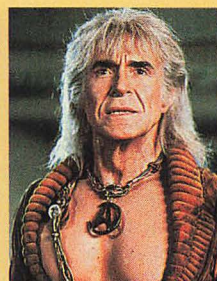
Paramount releases the first *Trek* feature film, *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, with the original TV cast. The *Enterprise* saves Earth from an ancient space probe. Box office take: a whopping \$82 million.

DECEMBER 1979

The fringe rock group Spizz Energi releases "Where's Captain Kirk?," one of the few *Star Trek* singles not sung by a member of the cast. It's big on college stations.

JUNE 1982

Paramount releases *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*. The *Enterprise* saves Earth from Ricardo Montalban. Box office: \$79 million.



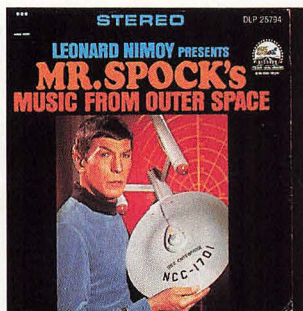
SONGS IN URSA MINOR

Warp-speed warbles from Kirk & Co.

WHAT IS IT about *Star Trek* that makes so many of its actors want to sing? Next to *The Partridge Family*, the show has inspired more misguided crooning careers than any other TV series. The most ear-splitting album of them all: William Shatner's *The Transformed Man* (1968), on which he sang—well, more like barked—such rockin' classics as “Mr. Tambourine Man” and “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds.” Says Shatner today: “Some

things you do are good; some aren't. My wife liked it—she thought it was one of the best things she'd ever heard.” She was the only one: Album sales never even registered on the charts.

Other *Trek* singers include Leonard Nimoy, who cut five less-than-fascinating albums, including *Leonard Nimoy Presents Mr. Spock's Music From Outer Space*, a 1967 disc on which he sang such original tunes as “Music to Watch Space Girls By” and

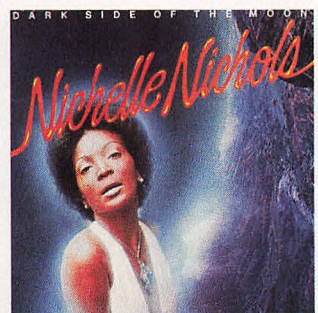


SPOCK ROCK: One of five bad trips

“Visit to a Small Planet” (it peaked at 83 on the charts) and *The New World of Leonard Nimoy*, a 1969 bomb featuring his versions of “Proud Mary” and “Put a Little Love in Your Heart.” Nichelle Nichols, who played Lieutenant Uhura, did 1966's



YO, YEOMAN: A disco universe



LUNAR ECLIPSE: A chart bomb

Dark Side of the Moon, which included “Starry Eyed” and “Let's Trip.” It never made the charts. Grace Lee Whitney, who played Yeoman Janice Rand, cut a 1976 single called “Take a Star Trip” (the B side was “Disco Trekking”). Few fans took notice.

Even actors on *The Next Generation* are getting into warbling. Brent Spiner, who plays Data, recently released *Ol' Yellow Eyes Is Back*, with classic covers including “Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart.” Backup vocals are provided by the Sunspots (cast members LeVar Burton, Michael Dorn, Jonathan Frakes, and Patrick Stewart). It could be the hottest *Trek* album of all time. Who says androids can't sing?

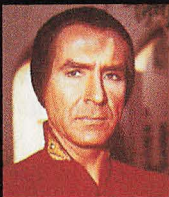
IT'S A SMALL UNIVERSE AFTER ALL

'Star Trek' guest stars: all sorts of surprises



Sally Kellerman (top left) as Dr. Elizabeth Dehner, a mortal mutated into a god in “Where No Man Has Gone Before” (original air date: Sept. 22, 1966).

Ricardo Montalban (middle left) as the genetically superior Khan in “Space Seed” (Feb. 16, 1967).



Jill Ireland (bottom left) as Leila Kalomi, the woman who wins Spock's heart, in “This Side of Paradise” (March 2, 1967).

Joan Collins (top right) as Edith Keeler, a visionary social worker from the 1930s, in the time-travel episode “City on the Edge of Forever” (April 6, 1967).



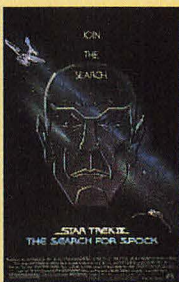
Jane Wyatt (middle right) as Amanda, Spock's human mom, in “Journey to Babel” (Nov. 17, 1967).

Teri Garr (bottom right) as Roberta Lincoln, a 20th-century secretary to a time-traveling alien in “Assignment Earth” (March 29, 1968).



JUNE 1984

Paramount releases *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock*. The *Enterprise* saves Spock in Nimoy's directorial debut. Box office: \$76 million.

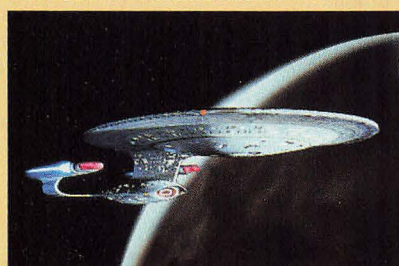


NOVEMBER 1986

Another theatrical release—*Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*. The *Enterprise* saves the whales. Nimoy directs again. Box office: \$109 million.

OCT. 5, 1987

Star Trek: The Next Generation, a syndicated series, premieres on more than 100 U.S. TV stations.



JUNE 1989

Star Trek V: The Final Frontier comes out in theaters. The *Enterprise* meets God...sort of...in William Shatner's directorial debut. Box office: \$52 million.

SPATIAL RELATIONS: Mike Horner in the movie *Sex Trek*

DEBBIE DOES RIGEL 7

X-rated fare to make even Spock cringe

EVER WONDER WHAT a Vulcan looks like nude? Us neither, but obviously *somebody* has. Adults-only *Star Trek* books, magazines, and videos are doing boffo business at *Trek* conventions. Among the X-rated wares for sale: fanzines like *X-Gen: An adult exploration into the universe of "The Next Generation,"* a 45-page collection of fan-written stories detailing acts of intergalactic perversion so shocking they'd make an Orion slave girl blush ("Data awoke to find his bedsheets floating inches above him..."); *K/S*, a series of underground *Trek* books featuring male homoerotic stories about Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock (all written, strangely enough, by *female* fans); and, for more visually oriented Trekkers, *Sex Trek: The Next Penetration*, a hard-core spoof you can also find in the X-rated section of video stores, in which Spock's ears grow when he's erotically aroused. Its most torrid scene: a Vulcan threesome. *Va-va-va-voom!*

CAPTAIN VIDEOS

'Trek' gift sets, jewelry included

ARE TREKKIES THE MOST susceptible market demo of them all? Will these happy suckers buy anything up to and including the Tribble change purse? Paramount Home Video seems to think so; in honor of the series' 25th anniversary, the company is kicking off a year-long "Trekebration" intended to get you to buy a *Star Trek* movie no matter what. The five flicks are being offered in four different packages, depending upon the size of your wallet and the level of your Kirkophilia. In ascending order of price:

- ◆ The five cassettes are available separately for a suggested retail price of \$14.95 each.
- ◆ The "Collector's Set" gives you all five in a boxed set which, when the covers are arranged in chronological order, forms a picture of the USS *Enterprise*. Suggested retail: \$74.75.
- ◆ Another 25 simoleons gets you the "Gift Set," a blue cloth box holding all five cassettes, three limited-edition cloisonné *Trek* pins, and a certificate from creator Gene Roddenberry.
- ◆ And for a mere \$200, the 1,000-issue "Limited Edition Set" gives you a red cloth box containing the five cassettes, the cloisonné pins, the Roddenberry certificate—and a note personally signed by William Shatner.

None of the configurations is truly complete, since the sixth *Trek* movie won't be out on video until 1992. "We wanted to take advantage of the excitement [the 25th anniversary] is causing," says Eric Doctorow, executive vice president of Paramount Home Video. "When VI is eventually released on video, we will probably rethink our gift sets and include it." What will *those* packages include—Spock's Q-Tips? —*Ty Burr*



THE UNREAL MCCOY: Spock melding minds with Bones in III

JULY 1990

Classical magazine reports that the New York City Opera will soon produce the first *Star Trek*-inspired opera. The project never takes off.

SEPTEMBER 1990



complete with parades, window displays, and a statue of the *Enterprise*.

The inhabitants of Vulcan, Canada (population 1,400), turn their town into the world's first *Star Trek* theme park,

APRIL 1991

Star Trek: The Next Generation films its 100th episode—21 more than the original series.



DECEMBER 1991

Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country. Supposedly the last *Trek* film. Right. And if you believe that, we know a nifty bridge in Brooklyn you might be interested in buying.



TRIBBLE PLAY: The fecund fuzzies take over in 1967

I, TREKKIE

The author comes clean

THIS IS GOING TO BE embarrassing. This is not the sort of confession I'd normally make in a national magazine. But the code of journalistic ethics demands complete disclosure. So here goes, the ugly truth:

I've seen every episode of the origi-

nal *Star Trek* at least 20 times—and could probably see them 20 times more. Certain favorites (“This Side of Paradise,” “Space Seed,” “Devil in the Dark”) I can almost recite verbatim (“I’m a doctor, not a brick layer...”). I’ve seen every *Trek* film at least once, some several times. I’ve attended more than one *Star Trek* convention, named several childhood pets after *Enterprise* crew members (a salamander named Scot-

ty, a guinea pig named Bones), and even own a pair of pointy Spock ears.

To put it bluntly: *Ich bin ein* Trekkie.

What is it about the show that keeps me watching year after year? Part of the appeal is its message: Unlike a lot of science fiction, *Trek* offers a happy

version of the future, a future that doesn’t make you want to hide under a bed. Not only can the human race survive to the 24th century, *Trek* promises, but we can survive in style, evolving into a wiser, gentler species. *Star Trek* preaches a message of tolerance and understanding, offering a vision of the future in which all life forms are considered sacred—even the ones with icky, blobby bodies and fish-eyed faces. That’s pretty comforting news, if you ask me.

Another reason I love the show: After watching Kirk, Spock, and Bones recite the same corny lines year after year, I consider them almost like family. I know the characters as well as I know my own siblings; I know the *Enterprise* as well as I know my own kitchen.

But the thing I most love about *Star Trek* is that it’s just plain fun. Warp engines, phasers, Tribbles, transporters, tricorders, Klingons—life doesn’t get much cooler than this.

MARATHON MAN

10 straight hours of ‘Trek’ movies

WHAT IS THE FINAL frontier for Trekkies? Outside of meeting the entire cast or riding on the *Enterprise*, it would probably be luxuriating in a marathon of all five big-screen flicks. Thousands got their chance Sept. 7 when Paramount staged a 44-city, one-day screening of the film series. If you missed it, don’t despair: Through the miracle of home video, I re-created the experience in the comfort of my home, compiling this viewer’s log:

Hours 1-2: *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*.

The crew is reunited in a high-tech edition of the series: Uhura’s hair is a red Afro; McCoy has a beard; Kirk and Scotty are slim. The colorful TV uniforms have been replaced by gray leisure suits. The plot, about the godlike V’Ger heading for earth, is the same as for the TV episode “The Changeling.” A lot of talk, not much action. Chekov burns his hand and screams. Spock cries.

Hours 3-4: *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*. Ricardo Montalban reprises his villain role from the TV installment “Space Seed” in a *Moby Dick*-inspired story about obsessive revenge and mid-life crisis. Kirk meets his son, Spock meets his maker, and Chekov has a bug placed in his ear and screams. Uhura’s hair is now black and straight, Scotty

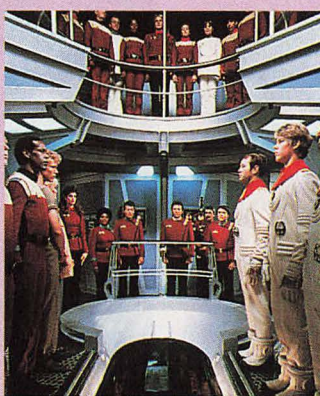
is starting to lose his battle of the bulge, and the uniforms are red. Kirstie Alley is sexy as Lieutenant Saavik.

Hours 5-6: *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock*. Kirk & Co. try to revive Spock. In a parody of *Star Wars*, McCoy goes to an intergalactic bar; Kirk’s son is randomly killed; and the *Enterprise* blows up. Judith Anderson plays a Vulcan priestess, Christopher Lloyd a Klingon who destroys error-prone underlings. Uhura’s hair is curly. Scotty, getting bigger. My eyes are bloodshot. Did Chekov scream in this one? How

and why did Kirstie Alley turn into the less-sexy Robin Curtis?

Hours 7-8: *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*. The movie is about finding whales in the 20th century. Kirk and Spock introduce their Laurel and Hardy act, aided by Catherine Hicks as a marine biologist. Chekov falls off an aircraft carrier and screams. Kirk gets court-martialed. Spock accepts his human half. Uhura’s hair is straight again.

Hours 9-10: *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*. A Vulcan cult leader (Laurence Luckinbill) searches for God as he cures people’s “emotional pain.” Shatner directs. He must have been tired. I sure am. Everyone looks



HE'S GONE: Spock's funeral in //

aged, especially Uhura, who’s now silver-haired and seems attracted to Scotty the whale. Kirk and Spock perfect their Stan & Ollie act. Hey! Kirk and Spock are both captains, aren’t they? So who’s in charge here? What’s that? He’s dead, Jim? The engines can’t take it anymore? The Vulcan mind meld? (Again?) Omigosh—live long and prosper, everyone, and for pity’s sake, beam me up. —Tom Soter



All around me the debate raged on. "It's because it has more front-seat leg room than a Mercedes



300," Willy said. But Steve, while not disagreeing, said, "What makes it a great car is the fuel efficiency." However, Paula had her own ideas. "It's the low price of entry that is so remarkable." Me, I kept my thoughts to myself. I knew they all were right. Only they had forgotten to mention the pure pleasure of driving a Suzuki Swift.[®] Responsive acceleration. Nimble handling. The chorus of voices continued. Finally, I stopped the discussion when I said, "We're here." Suddenly, everyone's joy turned to disappointment. Until I added, "We can talk about it tomorrow on the way to work. I'll drive my Swift again."

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ELAINE YOUNG

BEHIND EVERY STAR...

There's an Unsung Somebody

CALL THEM THE GRUNTS TO THE GREAT, the working stiffs to the stars. While millions of people would go to considerable lengths just on the off chance they

ELAINE YOUNG

REALTOR

THIRTY-THREE years ago, Elaine Young rented one house to "Shirley MacLaine's little brother," Warren Beatty, for \$300 a month and sold another to Tuesday Weld for \$22,000. Ever since, the flashy partner at the Alvarez, Hyland & Young real estate agency has been regularly rotating the Hollywood homes of such stars as Paul Newman, O.J. Simpson, and Ringo Starr.

◆ **BIGGEST CHALLENGE:** Understanding the stars' view of reality and realty. "You have to know what they want, even when *they* don't," says Young. "And you have to be fast because, to them, their time is more important than anyone else's."

◆ **MOST INTIMATE MOMENT:** "I married an Academy Award-winning actor and made two commissions off him," says Young, who house-warmed with the late Gig Young from 1963 to 1967.

◆ **WORST EXPERIENCE:** "I had the unfortunate pleasure of leasing the house to Sharon Tate that she was murdered in," says Young. "It took me a year to get over it. It wasn't my fault, but the owner didn't talk to me for 15 years."

might catch a glimpse one of their favorite celebrities up close, there are some ordinary folks who routinely spend their time with celebrities and think nothing—well, almost nothing—of it. They're the lifestylists of the rich and famous, the people who cut Arnold Schwarzenegger's hair, feed Nancy Reagan's party guests, tune Jane Fonda's piano, and tattoo Cher's body. Here's a look at, and a little low-down from, a handful of the lofty laborers who spend their days doing unglamorous tasks for the glam crowd.

BY MELINA GEROSA



TOM BYRNE

CATERER

WHETHER Liz Taylor is planning a wedding or Elton John is having a few pals over for dinner, the first person they call is Tom Byrne. The chef behind La Cuisine has been creating feasts in Hollywood homes since 1988.

◆ **MOST REWARDING EXPERIENCE:** "Candice Bergen complimented my bouillabaisse," boasts Byrne. "And at the Reagans', Princess Stephanie found her way into the kitchen to thank me for the chocolate soufflé."

◆ **WORST EXPERIENCE:** A downpour during a Malcolm Forbes party for 1,250. "The kitchens were outside under tents. We were standing in four inches of water, but no one ever knew."

◆ **FUNNIEST EXPERIENCE:** "We served quail one night, and in a monologue after the dinner, Phyllis Diller said that she had hit bigger things on her windshield. The hostess was absolutely mortified."



GIUSEPPE FRANCO

HAIRSTYLIST

THAT MIGHT be Sly Stallone, Barbra Streisand, and Mikhail Baryshnikov you see sipping espresso on the front steps of the Beverly Hills salon co-owned by Giuseppe Franco and Mickey Rourke.

◆ **BIGGEST CHALLENGE:** Creative-coiffing resistance. "Last season on *Empty Nest* Kristy McNichol had long hair," says Giuseppe. "So I said, 'Let's whack it all off!' She didn't want to, but I don't tell her how to act, and she don't tell me how to cut hair."

◆ **CELEBRITY HAZARD:** Mischievous stars. "Arnold Schwarzenegger was hanging out with Andrew Dice Clay on the front steps, and he got bored. So he decided he wanted to cut hair," remembers the stylist, who was working on the head of a Hollywood heavy hitter at the time. What was the client's reaction to his Arnie cut? "He didn't say a word," says Giuseppe. "He was laughing his ass off."

GREGG ABBOTT

PIANO TUNER

GREGG ABBOTT carries a little black bag to the homes of Bob Hope and Jane Fonda, but he's no Doc Hollywood. "The best people to work for are the artists who really appreciate the job," piano tuner Abbott says. "Unfortunately these aren't the major star types."

◆ **JOB HAZARD:** Cash-shy clients. Abbott says he wasn't paid for months after tuning Stevie Wonder's piano. "I won't tune for him again unless I get triple pay, up front, and maybe not even then."

◆ **CELEBRITY INSIGHT:** "Most people only tune the piano when they are having someone over who plays music and they don't want it to look like they neglect their instrument," says Abbott, who was impressed with Jeff Goldblum's conscientiousness. "He's got an orange drum set and other odd instruments. I don't think he's an accomplished player; he just likes to take care of them."



ROCKWOOD

TATTOO ARTIST

AT SUNSET Strip Tattoo in West Hollywood, Rockwood indelibly decorates the hides of the likes of Cher and Charlie Sheen. Kiefer Sutherland was so pleased with his kanji symbol (a Japanese character meaning strength) that he had a similar one inscribed on his then girlfriend Julia Roberts as a birthday present.

◆ **SPECIALTY:** "I like doing pinup-girl-type stuff, and black graphics," says Rockwood. He has tattooed a dragon on Lenny Kravitz's arm and is working on a similar one on the back of Kravitz's soon-to-be ex-wife, Lisa Bonet.

◆ **BIGGEST CHALLENGE:** Romantic reversal of fortune. Rockwood doesn't think Roberts will return her gift, but when Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx broke up with Vanity, he had to come up with a way to alter the "V" on Sixx's arm. Solution: "I added an 'I' to the 'V,' transforming it into the Roman numeral six."



GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY!

Six feet of killer journalist, Texan Molly Ivins has become America's favorite political whip

BY GISELLE BENATAR

HEY THAAAAAAAYRE DARLIN', whatcheeeeeew up to? It's the wake-up call Texas politicians dread but also secretly relish—the one from columnist Molly Ivins, chief scourge of the good ol' boys (and, lately, a few good ol' girls) in the Texas state legislature and the woman Governor Ann Richards calls “a Texas treasure.” In reporting her column for the *Dallas Times Herald*, Ivins, defender of the people's right to know and the politicians' right to screw up, phones hard-livin' legislators, lobbyists, and fund-raisers at peak hangover hour each morning to dig for dirt (“C'mon, you're making that up”),

air her unsolicited opinions (“Give him a gold watch and get him outta there”), or simply regale her captive audience with the latest tasteless lege—short for *legislature*—joke. On this particular morning, however, Ivins is callin' to commiserate with Richards' former political consultant George Shipley, who claims to have suddenly lost faith in the mechanics of Texas democracy. “This is Doctor Dirt—the meanest political consultant in the history of the universe,” Ivins confides, mid-dial, to a visiting reporter. “Poor George”—the eyes widen in mock sympathy—“he's becomin' sooo damned cynical.”

The word *cynicism* does not rank high in Ivins' spectacularly colorful vocabulary, despite some 20 years of covering the down-and-dirty “bidness” of politics for PBS' *MacNeill/Lehrer Newshour* and a variety of publications, including the *Times Herald*, *The Progressive*, *The Nation*, *Ms.* magazine, and *The Texas Observer*. To celebrate her caustic achieve-

ments, Random House is publishing her new best-of collection, aptly titled *Molly Ivins Can't Say That, Can She?* A compilation of political essays on subjects ranging from ethics Texas-style to George Bush and the oil lobby, the book is a testament to its author's enduring faith in the flawed and flagrantly absurd workings of the democratic process. “Texas politicians aren't crooks,” Ivins is fond of saying. “It's just that they have an overdeveloped sense of extenuatin' circumstances.”

In a state mostly run by conservatives, Ivins' politics—she's a grass-roots populist—are hardly mainstream. So why is she so popular with nearly everyone? Perhaps because her shoot-from-the-lip style is a welcome relief from the tepid political commentary evident everywhere else. “So much of journalism today is so bland and predictable,” says Myra McPherson, a longtime political writer for *The Washington Post* who is at work on a book about dissent in American journalism. “Molly stands out—she's our token iconoclast, our token voice of outrage.” Robert Sher-rill, former Southern correspondent for *The Texas Observer*, agrees, describing Ivins as “about as homogenous as a cowboy cocktail. That's milk laced with whiskey,” he explains.

Ivins' skill at rendering the political landscape with dry wit and vicious verve has even endeared her to many of the local pols she regularly skewers. “I have known Molly Ivins since Hector was a pup. In her writing, she brings out the color of Texas politics like no one else's can,” says Governor Richards, who has become a little less colorful herself

since taking office. Adds former Texas agricultural commissioner Jim Hightower, “Molly is the epitome of what a Texas iconoclast should be. ‘Institution’ is far too stuffy a word to describe her, though. Molly is far too bodacious for that.”

Bodaciousness is the touchstone of Ivins' style. “Journalists make a terrible mistake writing about politics in so-called objective fashion,” she says. “It just takes all the joy and juice and the humanity and rage and nobility and crassness out of human affairs. You can't put dehydrated cowpie on people's doorsteps in the morning and expect them to be interested in what's going on in the world. Politics ought to be covered the way sports is, as a celebration of heroes and villains. It is,” Ivins insists, “the world's most fascinatin' poker game.”

And she is one of its more flamboyant cardholders: a six-foot-tall, 46-year-old, dyed strawberry blond with a booming voice and a straight-from-the-gut laugh. “Molly has this, uh,

big, presence. She's, uh, a big girl," Sherrill, a large drink of water himself, says tentatively. "She's built just right for what she says." Ivins clearly relishes her ability to overpower people. "Someone told me to lay off the speaker of the house the other day, and I said I would if he behaved himself," she says, grinning. "I don't claim to have any effect on the Texas lege, but every now and again, I think I can stop some damn fool thing from being passed simply by saying we're going to be the laughing stock of the whole nation." And she doesn't at all mind that her mouth gets her into trouble once in a while. "I was always hopin' to become a martyr to courageous journalism—it just never seems to happen," she laments. "I have always been a complete outlaw in relation to Texas politicians."

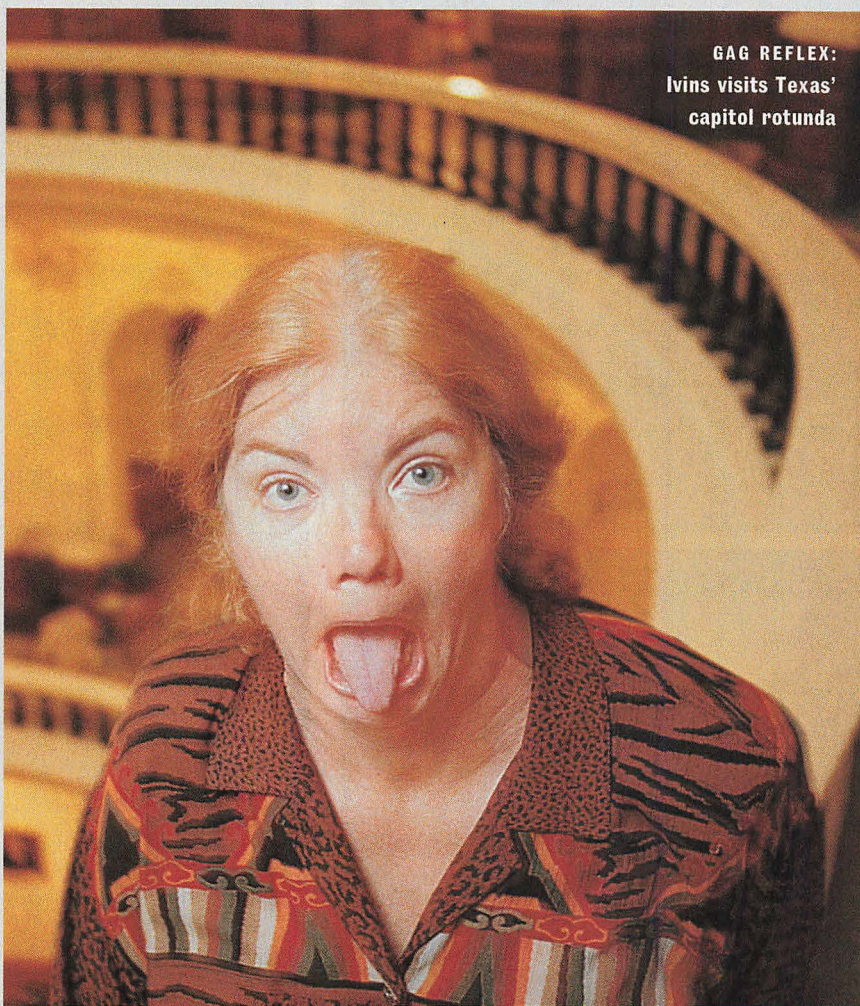
She is an outlaw in relation to establishment journalism, too. Though she graduated from Smith College and the Columbia University School of Journalism, Ivins, who insists her epitaph will read "She Never Made a Good Career Move," spent most of her years working for marginal publications. "Establishment newspapers," she says, "really don't give you that much latitude." Her one concession to careerism, a three-year stint as *The New York Times'* Rocky Mountain bureau chief, ended after Ivins attempted to describe a chicken-killing festival in a town in New Mexico as a "gang-pluck." "I suffer from congenital irreverence and the *Times* is an institution that takes itself very seriously," she notes. When the *Dallas Times Herald* made her an offer she "couldn't refuse"—the chance to say whatever she wanted—she was only too pleased to go home. "I can't get material like this anywhere else. I have never lost a political contest," she boasts. "Just on the grounds that my legislature is nuttier than yours."

Texas politics are slightly more civilized than they were in the days when lobbyists controlled the lege with what Ivins calls the Three Bs—"beef, bourbon, and blonds." But there are still plenty of outrageous goings-on. "Every time I say Texas politics are more sophisticated than they used to be, something utterly gross happens," Ivins says. Last session, for example, one delegate left office as a consequence of a fatal crack overdose. "Of course, being Texas, there was this loony footnote," Ivins recalls. "Before they discovered the body, the guy kept voting." Meanwhile, the speaker of the house, Gib Lewis, a man Ivins describes as having the "ethical sensitivity of a walnut," is currently under indictment for allegedly failing to report a lobbyist's gift. "Of course it's almost redundant to

say that the speaker is under indictment," Ivins points out. "In fact it has been years since we had a speaker of the Texas house of representatives who *wasn't* under indictment."

In a state plagued by an oil crisis and a recession, Ivins sees other serious problems—including a hopelessly regressive tax structure, a crippled public school system, and the absence of effective environmental and gun-control laws. So why does she spend so much time, feet up on the desk, receiver in hand, laughing? "The only alternatives are crying and throwing up, so you have to laugh. Though I guess," Ivins adds, "suicide would also be an option."

For Doctor Dirt, the disgruntled political consultant, however, Ivins has a more upbeat suggestion. As the marathon phone call draws to a close, she abruptly offers the following down-home advice: "Well Geeoorge, why don't you just git so goddamned rich you can come back and buy someone into office." Anyone who knows her will tell you that the last comment is part joke, part dare—as Ivins is aware, political buy-outs make bodaciously good newspaper headlines. ♦



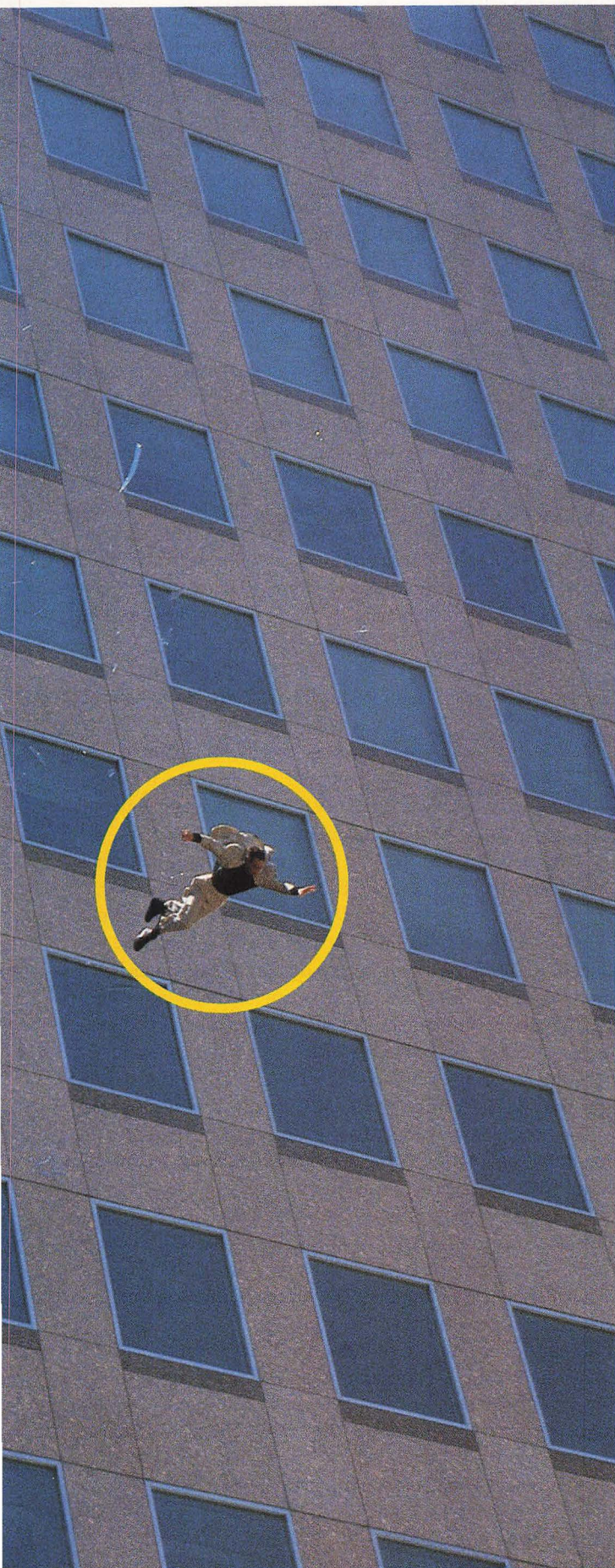
GAG REFLEX:
Ivins visits Texas'
capitol rotunda

"Politics ought to be covered the way sports is, as a celebration of heroes and villains. It is the world's most fascinatin' poker game."



FLIPPED OUT? For Fox's *The Ultimate Challenge*, stuntman Bob Brown leaps through breakaway glass and does a $2\frac{1}{4}$ backward somersault with a full twist while plunging to an air bag 180 feet below





Stuntman Bob Brown and his colleagues always go...

After the Fall

TO THE FEW PEDESTRIANS on the street, it must have looked as if the man jumping from the 16th story of an office building in Westwood, Calif., was hell-bent on killing himself. Bob Brown actually wasn't committing suicide, but he was doing something almost as crazy. The man now appearing on over a thousand screens as stunt double for T-1000 actor Robert Patrick in *Terminator 2*, Brown was trying to set a personal-best record by plunging 180 feet, 20 feet more than he'd ever attempted before. And not simply by jumping the distance halfway normally. No, Brown, 32, a world-champion high diver and trampolinist, dove *backward* through a

BY MARY A. FISCHER

breakaway-glass window and executed a 2 1/4 somersault with a full twist before landing on a massive air bag below.

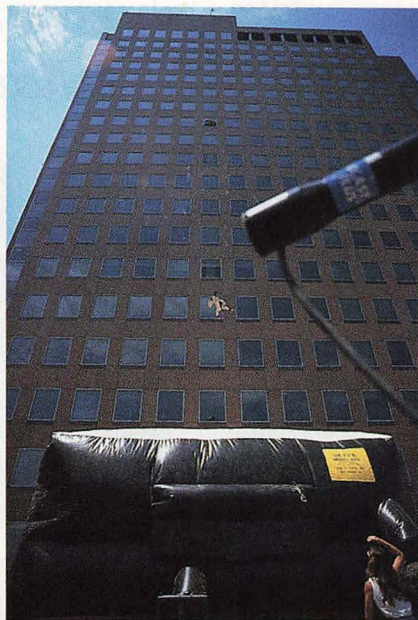
Of course, he wasn't doing this just for his own amusement. One of the leading stuntpeople in the business, Brown took the fall for the benefit of *The Ultimate Challenge* (Fridays, 9–10 p.m.), the new Fox reality-based show that chronicles feats of daredevilry. His chancy dive—and the existence of the Fox show and syndicated TV's new *Stuntmasters*—indicates how radically the stunt game has changed. Hollywood's hunger for action films has made stunts much more ambitious, breathtaking, and dangerous and has bred a new kind of person to perform them. Dick Butler, former president of the Stuntmen's Association, says that when he got started 30 years ago, "there were the crazy Johns who'd take a swig of booze, fall off a horse, and miss their spot at the hitching rail. You can't get by with that now. Gags are much more deadly these days."

And stuntpeople, maybe, are a tad less colorful. Rowdy wildcatting has been replaced by a cool, methodical, highly professional approach. Many of today's stuntpeople are athletes who come into the field with a background in trampoline, track and field, motocross, and gymnastics. "We're physical technicians," says Brown, who did a series of 160-foot jumps off the roof of a 17-story Century City hotel for the recent movie *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*. "We're not daredevils, and we're not crazy."

Brown's preparation for the *Ultimate Challenge* fall was in fact a model of sanity: He practiced the somersaults and twists off a trampoline and a 30-foot scaffold for over four months. But a stunt for *Terminator 2*—flying out the window of a three-story building at 35 to 40 mph on a motorcycle, then getting jerked off the bike by a cable attached to his lower back—did cause some to question his sanity. "People speculated I'd get hurt badly," Brown says, "but it's something I felt I could do because I was working with good people."

The small world of elite Hollywood stuntpeople—about 95 men and 5 women work regularly and earn over \$200,000 a year—is a protective, close-knit one, bound by the shared experience of danger. It is also a world that insists on taking responsibility when things go wrong. If an accident happens, a stuntperson usually blames himself. It's part of the code.

"If you get hurt, it's usually nobody's fault but your own," says Jon Epstein, who doesn't toss off that principle lightly: Four years ago he broke his back on the set of *Firewalker* when he was dropped too early from a rope and landed on concrete. After two months in a brace and five more months of rehabilitation, Epstein gradually reentered the stunt biz. In



CUSHY JOB: After a safe landing (top), Epstein and Brown (above, l. to r.) view the results—a personal best for Brown

hindsight he blames himself. "I should have been more sure of who I was working with," he says. "It's up to each one of us to walk away from a stunt we don't think is safe or hasn't been set up right."

More recently, Jay Currin was killed while filming the summer release *Bikini Island*. In a 55-foot jump from a cliff in Malibu last September, Currin landed on a corner of his air bag. The consensus among the stunt community was that Currin had "miscalculated" and failed to land on target.

There is one area, however, where stuntpeople aren't taking the fall but are increasingly pointing a finger. The growing demand for stunt-packed movies has led to a rise in low-budget, nonunion action films, which aren't subject to the rigorous safety and special-effects standards enforced on union sets. "When a production company tries to do something cheap," Epstein says, "that's when things go wrong."

There's a sharp double edge to such nonunion movies: They're often the best, or only, way for newcomers to break into the stunt business, yet the complicated stunts being performed require the expertise of the highest-paid people to pull them off safely.

In May 1989, while in the Philippines shooting Cannon Films' *Delta Force II*, starring Chuck Norris, five men were

killed after their helicopter crashed into a hillside and exploded. According to published accounts, the helicopter had a spotty maintenance record and the site had been judged unsafe by another stuntman. After the crash, some of the injured were transported in trucks instead of ambulances.

"Cannon was utterly pathetic, and they are to this day, in how they treated this," charges stuntman Charlie Brewer, whose brother Geoff was killed in the tragedy. A multimillion-dollar civil suit, filed against the film company by the families of the victims, is still pending.

Two years earlier, four people were killed in a strikingly similar scenario involving *Missing in Action III*—another Cannon film starring Chuck Norris with an ill-fated helicopter scene shot in the Philippines. Cannon executives did not return phone calls for this story.

Despite their aura of confidence, many stuntpeople pray before executing a stunt and make sure their dues to the Screen Actors Guild, which provides their insurance, are paid up. Yet stuntpeople swear they rarely think about death. Bob Brown doesn't even have a will drawn up. And sometimes he jokes about his funeral arrangements. If anything happens, the song he wants played at his service is the one he says best exemplifies the stuntman's life: Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive." ♦

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Trouble in 'Paradise'

A couple struggling to confront the loss of their son is reawakened by a young visitor in

Paradise, the new film from the screenwriter of *Beaches*. **BY OWEN GLEIBERMAN**

AT THE beginning of **PARADISE** (PG-13), Willard Young (Elijah Wood), a quiet, dark-haired 10-year-old with an avid shine in his eye, is sent by his mother to spend a couple of weeks with Lily and Ben Reed (Melanie Griffith and Don Johnson). The Reeds live in a cozy

white farm house in a pastoral country town called Paradise. As raccoons and deer gather, like happy animals in a Disney cartoon, sunlight pours through the backyard branches, and the birds sing their chirpy symphony. After a summer of terminators, city slickers, and naked guns, moviegoers are probably ready for a country getaway them-

selves, and *Paradise*, if nothing else, has the calm, inviting atmosphere of an afternoon spent fishing.

Willard starts hanging out with a spunky little girl named Billie (Thora Birch), who thinks nothing of walking around the guardrail atop a 50-foot-tall lookout tower. She teases and challenges him with her fearlessness, and

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE:
Melanie Griffith and Don
Johnson try to repair their
relationship in *Paradise*

Love Story or the 1937 *Stella Dallas*. So when I say that *Paradise*, despite some likable performers, left me cold, it's not because I'm the sort of person who doesn't cry at movies. (Far from it: I cry at AT&T commercials.) It's because this pleasant, wan, and finally mechanical film depends on its sketchy, tearjerker situations—and not its dramatic texture—to move you. You never quite feel your buttons are being pushed, yet the film barely rises above the level of a programmatic TV movie.

Paradise has such a leisurely, naturalistic rhythm that you look forward to seeing Willard and the Reeds bond, slowly and believably, over the course of their several weeks together. The movie, though, is clunkier than that. Writer-director Mary Agnes Donoghue, who scripted the 1988 hit *Beaches* (this is her first time behind the camera), softens and telegraphs the action, as if she didn't trust the audience. In a couple of early scenes, Ben Reed treats Willard gruffly, making it clear he doesn't want him around. Then he takes the kid fishing; a few scenes later, the gruffness is gone, and they're fast friends. Lily, we're told, has felt numb ever since her son died. She can't even bring herself to make love to Ben. Yet nothing in Melanie Griffith's cuddly, melting softness reflects Lily's "frozen" state. The way that Griffith has been directed, Lily never seems less than supremely nurturing. And so the movie—unlike, say, *The Doctor*—pulls back from revealing the dark side of an ordinary person's anguish.

Whenever a scene threatens to catch dramatic fire, it's smothered in gobs of yearning, wonder-struck, Spielbergian soundtrack music—the sort of aural syrup that keeps telling you what to feel. The music is of a piece with the film: Instead of delving into the Reeds' relationship, Donoghue piles on weeper subplots. Willard's parents have separated, but he hasn't even been told; he just thinks his dad is away at sea. Then he's hit with the traumatic truth. Cute little Billie has never even met her father. Then she tries to contact him, with dismaying results. Billie's mother, Sally (Sheila McCarthy), is a goony-faced pixie who can't stop chattering on about what a hot number she is. She's essentially on

the two become best friends. Back at the house, though, Willard can sense something is wrong. The Reeds don't quite look at each other when they speak. They both seem sad, stranded—caught in their private dreams. The reason is soon revealed: Two and a half years ago, they lost their 3-year-old son in an accident, and their relationship has never recovered from the tragedy. *Paradise* is about how Willard's presence catalyzes the healing process, rekindling the Reeds' stalled marriage.

It's perfectly possible to make an honest sentimental movie, one that earns its tears instead of jerking them (examples include *It's a Wonderful Life*, *Sounder*, and *Men Don't Leave*). It's also possible to make a *dishonest* sentimental movie that works anyway, like

DONOGHUE DIRECTS

Triple Threat

MARY AGNES Donoghue is having a very big year. Not only did she pen the script for *Paradise* but the film also marks her debut as a director. As if that were not enough, Donoghue is the coproducer and co-writer of another feature opening this month: *Deceived*, a thriller starring Goldie Hawn. "I might have to go to a rest home from the anxiety," the Queens, N.Y.-born Donoghue joked after a recent 16-hour workday. How does a woman in male-dominated Hollywood come to wear the same triple-threat hats as Woody and Spike?

Donoghue, a 48-year-old screenwriter whose stock soared with *Beaches* (1988), apparently inspires confidence. "I turned in the script to *Paradise* and Disney said they wanted to make it," she recalls. "Jeffrey Katzenberg [Disney's studio chief] and I were talking about directors when he said he thought I could do it, and I immediately said, 'Yes, I can, I can do this!'" With no previous experience behind the camera, Donoghue halted her work on *Deceived* and plunged into the top job on *Paradise*—a challenge she found rewarding. "It was a chance to see things come out the way I wanted," she says, "the characters, the details, the way people dress—all the things that drive you nuts when you're a writer because you have such a strong vision."

Donoghue is looking forward to directing more of her own scripts—but first she wants to spend time with her husband of 15 years. "When this is over, I really want to have a personal life," she says. "It's at the top of my list." —Jed Spingarn



Donoghue eyes
the action

Mercedes Rules

Mercedes Ruehl's earthy appeal keeps *The Fisher King* grounded. BY JESS CAGLE

MERCEDES RUEHL doesn't hold back. Ask her about studying under legendary acting teacher Uta Hagen, and she'll give you a history of modern American technique. Mention the exploitation of women in movies today, and she *really* gets going.

She burst into tears on the set of *The Fisher King* last year when costar Robin Williams had to ad lib a raunchy ditty about brassieres, to the tune of "Brazil," for their big scene together. "I thought, 'Don't be some kind of feminist jackass,'" recalls Ruehl, sitting in the funky-formal Greenwich Village apartment she shares with her 15-year-old cat, Mitzi, "but I was really starting to be offended by the lyrics. Robin changed the song to something about a penis, so at least it was about him, not me."

In *The Fisher King*, Ruehl plays a kooky video-store owner who falls in love with a selfish star deejay (Jeff Bridges) and nurses him back from the edge of suicide; she's Florence Nightingale with a closet full of spandex. In director Terry Gilliam's fantasy, Bridges broods and bellows, and Williams cyclones through the scenery as a maniacally cheerful vagrant. But Ruehl makes out best; her desperate, frustrated pleadings to the man who gets away are as devastating as a Billie Holiday album after a bottle of Scotch. The role also calls for Ruehl, who dresses demurely in real life, to wear costumes that could get supporting Oscar nominations for her cleavage. That she didn't mind: "I loved being outrageously sexy," she says.

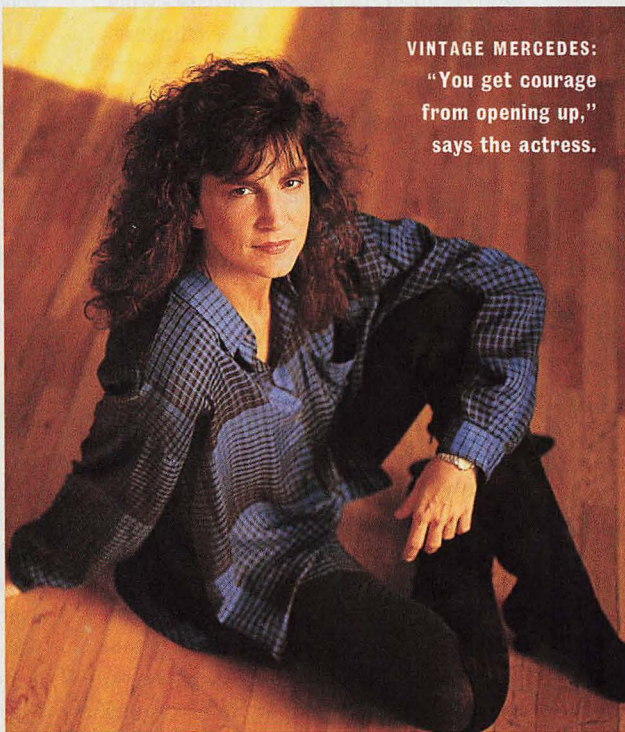
Until *The Fisher King*, most audiences knew her *only* as outrageous. After years of paying dues on the stages of New York and regional theaters, she captivated moviegoers in 1988 as Connie, the memorable bitch-goddess housewife in Jonathan Demme's *Married to the Mob*. If her sound and fury hadn't upstaged stars Matthew Modine and Michelle Pfeiffer, her atomic hairdo could have done the job. But after that, nothing. "There was this big flash in the

pan," says Ruehl, who admits to being in her late 30s, "and I thought that this was either my Andy Warhol 15 minutes, or it would lead somewhere." It led only to more "Connie-type roles." Put off by being typecast, she said goodbye to Hollywood, starred in the Off Broadway production of *Other People's Money*, then as the emotionally stunted Bella in Neil Simon's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Lost in Yonkers* on Broadway, a role that earned her a Best-Actress Tony in June.

"I think in all the great roles the character is really hungry," she says. Ruehl scoots her 5' 10" frame to the edge of her chintz sofa and gears up for another spiel on acting.

"Juliet, Blanche, Medea. In all great roles, there's this hunger..." The daughter of an FBI man and a schoolteacher, she fell in love with drama going to Mass in Silver Spring, Md., as a child. "It was wonderful, it was beautiful, and it would just take your breath away," she says. After graduating from the College of New Rochelle in New York's Westchester County, she moved to New York City, studied, waited tables, and slowly moved to center stage in the New York theater scene. Then came her first major movie role, as Tom Hanks' mother in *Big*, which opened just two months before *Married to the Mob*.

Ruehl hoped to star in the film version of *Other People's Money*, coming in October with Danny DeVito, but her role as a yuppie lawyer went to younger, blonder Penelope Ann Miller. "It didn't really surprise me," she says. "I think they were making the film into a different story [about an older man-younger woman relationship], so that makes it a little more palatable." She's been wading through movie offers since she left *Yonkers* last month but hasn't made any decisions yet. "Just for a while I don't want to do any acting. I want to rejuice myself," she says. She won't be gone long. After a tangent on the merits of therapy, Ruehl admits: "There was always some kind of need for pageantry, and for me to be at the center of it." ♦



VINTAGE MERCEDES:
"You get courage
from opening up,"
says the actress.

hand for comic relief, and every time she shows up the movie ridicules her for her absurd vanity. But then it turns out that her "nice" boyfriend, whom she's planning to marry, is a loser with an attitude. So she, too, joins the circle of pain.

As a screenwriter, Donoghue serves up unrefined chunks of problem drama. As a director, though, she does nice work with the children—Elijah Wood (from *Avalon*), who never seems more than a refreshingly normal kid, and Thora Birch, who's an irresistible scamp. When these two are just wandering around, making up games, the movie evokes the blissful nonchalance of a childhood friendship. And Griffith and Johnson, whose tumultuous offscreen relationship rivaled Liz and Dick's for a few years there, have the right chemistry to play this troubled couple. You register their sensitivity to one another. If only they'd been given better dialogue. The trouble with a movie like *Paradise* is that it's already made up its mind about the ways it wants to move you. By the end, even your tears feel circumscribed. **C**

Dread Again

LIEBESTRAUM

Kevin Anderson, Pamela Gidley
(Directed by Mike Figgis, R)

LIEBESTRAUM is a tasty slice of cinematic junk food, a film-noir dessert that's more icing than cake. The talented British writer-director Mike Figgis, who had a hit with the enjoyably perverse—and tightly crafted—cop thriller *Internal Affairs* (1990), has returned to the glossy, extravagant mood of his first film, *Stormy Monday* (1988). *Liebestraum* is so languid and overwrought, so self-consciously "hypnotic," that the action often seems to be taking place underwater. Figgis, though, doesn't just overdose on the trancelike style of film noir. He gets its grungy substance, too—the world seen as a lusty, paranoid male fantasy. You can't really take *Liebestraum* seriously, but there are pleasures to be had from a movie as passionately purple as this one.

Like *Dead Again*, *Liebestraum* is a romantic mystery in which the past threatens to consume the present. Years



OEDIPAL WRECK:
Kevin Anderson visits his
dying mother (Kim
Novak) in *Liebestraum*

ago, in the pretty little city of Elderstown, an adulterous couple was gunned down, apparently by a jealous husband who then shot himself. (The movie takes its title from the music playing during the murder—a jazz version of Franz Liszt's piano interlude.) The illicit rendezvous took place in a stately, beautiful old department store called the Ralston Building. Now, decades later, the Ralston—and the treacherous memory it represents—is about to be torn down.

Enter Nick Kaminsky (Kevin Anderson, from *Sleeping With the Enemy*), a young architectural writer who has arrived in Elderstown to visit his cancer-stricken mother (Kim Novak), and who soon develops an obsession with the Ralston's eerie interior. The other main characters are Nick's college buddy Paul (Bill Pullman), a boorish yuppie contractor who's heading up the building's demolition, and Paul's sultry, neglected wife (Pamela Gidley), whom Nick instantly falls for. The movie is really about Nick's fear of his own desire: If he gives in to temptation, getting involved with his old friend's wife, can he survive the heat?

Stylistically, *Liebestraum* is all dangling portents and "poetic" conceits. The movie features enough arty golden light pouring through venetian blinds to stock a dozen '40s retreads, and there's a suggestion that Nick's impending affair is a replacement for his mother's

love. Yet as a director, Figgis knows how to keep the conflicts percolating just beneath the surface, and he works with such dazzling rhythmic assurance that the interlocking conceits draw you in. It helps to have actors who can project cool gazes of submerged longing. Anderson, who gets to speak about three syllables per scene, makes the disheveled Nick a closet obsessive, a nice guy whose chivalrous impulses are leading him inexorably to sin. He's like Mickey Rourke without the sleaze. And Gidley plays the not-so-fatale femme with a disarmingly gentle sexiness. The ending is a bit of a cheat: Rather than tying up the loose ends, Figgis just lops them off. But until then, *Liebestraum* makes for a compelling night out. **B**

Final Exit

FREDDY'S DEAD: THE FINAL NIGHTMARE

Robert Englund, Lisa Zane

(Directed by Rachel Talalay, R)

WITH THE *Nightmare on Elm Street* series, the modern horror movie entered the MTV era. After Wes Craven's original, unsettling *A Nightmare on Elm Street* (1984), the razor-gloved exploits of child killer Freddy Krueger (Robert Englund) became an excuse for creating fragmentary pop dreamscapes. The sequels, which were

essentially feature-length horror videos, didn't necessarily make sense, but they were fun to watch. By all rights, *Freddy's Dead* should have been the lollapalooza of them all. Instead, it's disappointingly ho-hum, without the spectacular—and often very funny—special effects that have become the hallmark of this series. Freddy, of course, has been killed and resurrected several times in previous films. And so his “demise” (Really! We mean it! This is the last time!) has no kick at all. The joke is on the filmmakers: By taking the finality out of death, they've already robbed the horror genre of its giddy sting. **C-**

The White Stuff

LIVIN' LARGE!

T.C. Carson, Lisa Arrindell

(Directed by Michael Schultz, R)

THIS SATIRICAL RACIAL farce starts off with a bang. Dexter Jackson (T.C. Carson), a young upstart from inner-city Atlanta, dreams of becoming a TV newsman. Then he gets his chance. A sniper takes over a building, and when the on-scene reporter is shot and killed, Dexter commandeers a news camera and saunters past SWAT team members to land an interview with the sniper. The joke is that Dexter, with his homeboy's bravado, is the only one who isn't scared. This sequence has a free-spirited anarchic zap that recalls Brian De Palma's early comedies. When Dexter is offered a job as full-time reporter, the film promises a mad clash of cultures.

Instead, it collapses. Dexter is given diction lessons and a conservative, news-at-11 hairdo, and he starts doing on-the-spot exposés of how bad life in the ghetto is. The idea is that he has to turn “white” to be successful. There may be truth in this premise, but as satire it's a great big downer. Dexter quickly loses the hustler's aggressiveness that made us like him in the first place, and the movie turns didactic and nonsensical. By the time Dexter, as a publicity ploy, is forced to marry the station's white bimbo weatherwoman live and on camera, *Livin' Large!* has become less a critique of racial hysteria than a symptom of it. **D+**

NOW PLAYING

A look at recent releases previously reviewed by OWEN GLEIBERMAN.

BARTON FINK (R) Barton (John Turturro), the hero of the Coen brothers' teasingly enigmatic satirical fable, is a naive, idealistic playwright of the early '40s who accepts a job as a contract screenwriter in Hollywood. The movie, which is like a cross between *Eraserhead* and *Angel Heart*, has an atmosphere of languid comic anxiety. Barton, though, is simply a fool who's getting his cosmic comeuppance, so it's hard to empathize with what he's going through. **B**

CHILD'S PLAY 3 (R) In which Chuckie the plastic slasher proves that his novelty value has long worn off. **F**

CITY SLICKERS (PG-13) The perfect comedy for anyone who ever dreaded gym class. Three New Yorkers fend off mid-life crisis by taking a vacation at a dude ranch. The fun of the movie is that it sees both the hilarity and flaky glory of their crusade. **A-**

THE COMMITMENTS (R) Alan Parker's film is about a group of eager young Irish men and women who form a hard-driving rock-and-soul band: It's like a postpunk variation on Parker's 1980 *Fame*. The drama is glib, the musical performances first-rate. **C**

DEAD AGAIN (R) The young actor-director Kenneth Branagh puts the fun back into



suspending your disbelief. This exhilarating romantic murder mystery gets you giggling at what a contraption it is (the plot is all blithe, symmetrical happenstance), yet it keeps you completely engrossed. Playing off Hitchcock, Welles, and Joan Crawford melodramas, Branagh builds a castle in the air out of Hollywood clichés. **A**

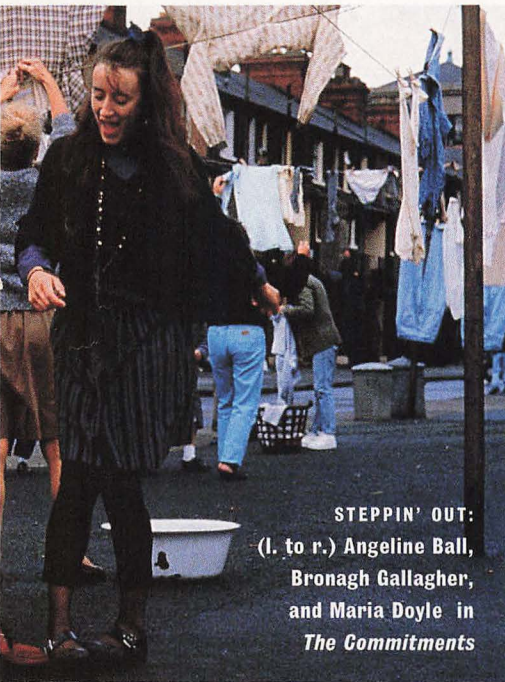
DOC HOLLYWOOD (PG-13) A '90s hybrid of *Green Acres* and *Local Hero*. **C**

THE DOCTOR (PG-13) William Hurt plays an arrogant San Francisco heart surgeon who is diagnosed with throat cancer and put in

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how our reviewer and other film critics from across the country grade these current movies.

	PETER TRAVERS <i>Rolling Stone</i>	GENE SISKEL <i>Statue & Expert</i>	ROGER EBERT <i>Statue & Ebert</i>	MIKE CLARK <i>USA Today</i>	ELEANOR RINGEL <i>Atlanta Journal & Con.</i>	DAVID KROWNE <i>Dallas Times Herald</i>	OWEN GLEIBERMAN <i>Entertainment Weekly</i>	AVG.
BARTON FINK	A	B+	B	B+	B+	A	B	B+
THE COMMITMENTS	C+	C+	B	B+	B	B+	C	B-
DEAD AGAIN	C	C	A+	C	C+	B+	A	B
DOC HOLLYWOOD	C-	B+	B	C+	B	B-	C	B-
THE DOCTOR	D	B+	A-	A	B-	B-	A-	B
THE FISHER KING	B+	C+	—	B	B	A-	C	B
HOT SHOTS!	C	B	C+	C	B+	B+	B+	B-
PARIS IS BURNING	A	B+	B	A-	B+	B	A	B+
SEX, DRUGS, ROCK & ROLL	A-	B	C+	C-	C+	B	B+	B-
TRUE IDENTITY	D	C+	C-	C	B-	C-	C-	C



STEPPIN' OUT:
(l. to r.) Angeline Ball,
Bronagh Gallagher,
and Maria Doyle in
The Commitments

the lowly position of being...a patient. Funny, dramatic, and beautifully observant. **A-**

DOGFIGHT (R) Less a movie than an anecdote. It's 1963, and Eddie (River Phoenix), a cocky young Marine about to be shipped off to Vietnam, hooks up with Rose (Lili Taylor), an inexperienced girl who loves folk music. The film isn't crude or exploitative or mired in fantasy, yet it isn't very interesting, either. Most of the pleasure is provided by Lili Taylor, who has a gift for making the ordinary magnetic. **C**

THE FISHER KING (R) A real change of pace for the madcap Terry Gilliam (*Brazil*). He directed this wacky-yet-sentimental fable about the friendship between a fallen talk-radio star (Jeff Bridges) and a crazed homeless man (Robin Williams) who keeps jabbering on about the Holy Grail. Much of the movie is corny and conventional, yet nothing in it quite fits together. Gilliam, who can be a wizard with images, lacks the feel for dramatic continuity and pace that a conventional director needs. He lumbers from dark satirical scenes of Bridges' radio show to fantasy visions of a faceless red knight galloping through Manhattan to low-key domestic psychodrama. The movie has some funny and charming moments, especially when it turns into a lunar version of *Marty*, with Williams and the comically gawky Amanda Plummer going on a nerds-night-out date. Mostly, though, *The Fisher King* is a genial mess. **C**

HANGIN' WITH THE HOMEBOYS (R) After receiving a scattershot early-summer release, this terrific comedy is getting a second chance in theaters. It's a low-budget knock-out—an inner-city *Diner* that catches the joshing, thrusting rhythms of urban male camaraderie. The film is set on one long, rambling night during which the boys—two black and two Puerto Rican—cruise their neighborhood and then venture into Manhattan. Director Joseph B. Vasquez has the kind of comic-dramatic film sense you've got to be born with. In some ways, the characters remain types, but the actors fill out their roles—especially John Leguizamo, who gives the soft-spoken Johnny a furtive, soulful complexity. **B+**

HOT SHOTS! (PG-13) This very funny parody of *Top Gun* uses *Airplane!*-style silly-surreal gags to blast holes in the Reagan era's most shameless fly-boy fantasy. **B+**

PARIS IS BURNING (Unrated) Jennie Livingston's documentary about black and Latino gays who compete in drag balls is a profound and funny portrait of dispossessed urban youth taking refuge in their own narcissism. **A**

ROBIN HOOD: PRINCE OF THIEVES (PG-13) As a piece of escapism, this deluxe, action-heavy *Robin Hood* gets the job done. But with Kevin Costner giving a drab, earnest performance, it's a rouser without a rousing hero. **B-**

SEX, DRUGS, ROCK & ROLL (R) The monologist Eric Bogosian, appearing live on a mostly bare stage, creates 10 vividly diverse characters. Bogosian appears to have a photographic memory for behavioral traits. He gets people's rhythms, their slang and style and, more than that, their egos—the self-justifying logic that defines their relationship to the world. Yet the movie has a weird hole at its center. Bogosian, whose act is geared to the class prejudices of East Coast audiences, presents America as a collection of hypocrites, dum-dums, vulgarians, and losers. By the end, his refusal to find a shred of redemption in anyone he portrays seems like just another example of the insensitivity he's attacking. **B+**

TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY (R) A monster hit—but how can Arnold Schwarzenegger ever top himself now? **B+**

BOX OFFICE

Razor Sharp



Freddie slays the competition

KNOCKING *Dead Again* out of the No. 1 spot was *Freddie's Dead: The Final Nightmare*. The sixth and last episode in the hit horror series raked in a bloody

good \$12.9 million—the biggest opening weekend gross for any of the *Nightmare on Elm Street* films. *Dead Again*, incidentally, is now expected to reach a total domestic gross of around \$40 million. Finally going wide was Alan Parker's *The Commitments*, which maintained a promising \$4,500 per-screen average and received a straight A from audiences polled by CinemaScore. Distribution sources said that the film performed best in urban markets. *Barton Fink*, on the other hand, was only able to score an overall poll grade of B, despite a \$10,400 per-screen average.

WEEKEND GROSS*	TOP TEN	GROSS TO DATE	WEEKS IN RELEASE
1 \$12.97	FREDDY'S DEAD\$12.97 1 New Line (1,862 screens)		
2 \$3.84	DEAD AGAIN\$22.71 4 Paramount (940 screens)		
3 \$2.51	THE COMMITMENTS\$6.42 5 20th Century Fox (555 screens)		
4 \$2.48	TERMINATOR 2\$190.75 11 TriStar (1,651 screens)		
5 \$2.25	HOT SHOTS!\$61.65 7 20th Century Fox (1,700 screens)		
6 \$2.22	DOC HOLLYWOOD\$46.24 7 Warner Bros. (1,646 screens)		
7 \$1.87	THE DOCTOR\$31.16 8 Touchstone (958 screens)		
8 \$1.84	ROBIN HOOD\$155.57 14 Warner Bros. (1,469 screens)		
9 \$1.43	CHILD'S PLAY 3\$11.82 3 Universal (1,842 screens)		
10 \$1.32	CITY SLICKERS\$116.01 15 Columbia (1,180 screens)		

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC.

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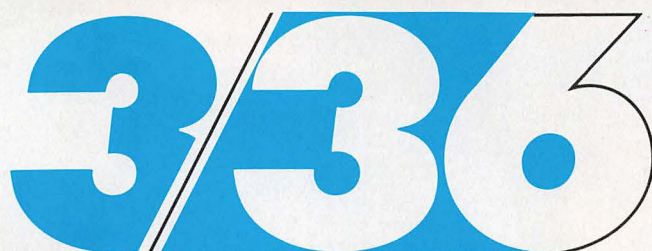
*WEEKEND OF SEPTEMBER 13-15 (ALL DOLLAR FIGURES IN MILLIONS)

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HOLLYWOOD LIVES:
Somers, playing herself
as a struggling young
actress, comforts her
son Bruce (Jon Steuer)
in *Keeping Secrets*

ERIK HEINILA

The Somers of '91

As the actress returns to sitcoms in ABC's *Step by Step*, a movie based on her autobiography,

Keeping Secrets, looks back at her difficult journey to television stardom. **BY KEN TUCKER**

SUZANNE SOMERS achieved success by being a blond bombshell defused in advance; as a television-manufactured sex symbol and comedic actress, she has always been ready for prime time. Flashy and giggly, wiggly and nonthreatening, Somers remains best known for the five seasons she spent as Chrissy Snow on *Three's Company*, the quintessential TV sex farce: all provocation, no payoff.

When Somers walked away from *Three's Company* after the 1979-80 season in a contract dispute, it was a gesture that mingled bravery with foolhardiness. Hollywood has never taken kindly to sex symbols who want more money and power than the men who run the industry deign to grant them. Over the course of the '80s, Somers' career turned into the stuff of an SCTV parody: campy, schlocky TV movies like *Hollywood Wives*, a singing-and-dancing nightclub career that probably made Joey Heatherton green with envy, an ongoing sideline as a poet whose verse crossed Sylvia Plath with Erma Bombeck.

These days, however, the 44-year-old Somers is enjoying a sudden comeback. She's costarring with *Dallas*' Patrick Duffy in **STEP BY STEP** (ABC, *Fridays*, 8:30-9 p.m.), a sitcom from the folks who brought you *Family Matters* and *Perfect Strangers*. Nestled between those two big hits on Friday nights, *Step* has the potential to become a huge success itself.

And this week there's also a TV-movie version of Somers' 1988 autobiography, *Keeping Secrets*. A vanity production with a core of undeniable truth, **KEEPING SECRETS** (ABC, *Sept. 29, 9-11 p.m.*) is as melodramatic and self-aggrandizing as you'd imagine, but its emotions are honest and surprisingly raw.

Ostensibly the story of Somers' early years, stopping just short of her *Three's Company* breakthrough, *Keeping Se-*

crets is really the tale of a family in crisis, of the star's alcoholic father and the suffering he caused his wife and children. Suzanne Mahoney—Somers' maiden name—lived in fear of her father, Frank (played by *Dallas*' Ken Kercheval), whose drunken binges and tyrannical rages made her middle-class youth in San Bruno, Calif., so awful that she used to crawl into a closet to hide for hours at a time.

In scriptwriter Edmond Stevens' adaptation of Somers' book, we see that everyone in the Mahoney household had an addictive personality: Somers' father, two brothers, and sister (*The Guiding Light*'s Kim Zimmer) all became hooked on booze. Her mother, played by Michael Learned (*The Waltons*, *Nurse*), seems to have been dependent on the abuse of her husband, whom she feared and yet loved. Only Suzanne remained untempted by the bottle; she was ad-

dicted to ambition, to becoming a star.

Keeping Secrets, directed by John Korte (*The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*), doles out its details with the latest psychoanalytic jargon about dependency and the dysfunctional family. While perhaps psychologically sound, this material seems wooden and phony as drama. By far the best thing about the TV movie is Kercheval's scary, headlong performance. Fearless about playing someone unattractive and hateful, Kercheval makes sure you understand the mental as well as physical pain that an alcoholic can inflict upon those around him. With Kercheval in it, *Keeping Secrets* is the best recruitment film both Alcoholics Anonymous and Adult Children of Alcoholics will ever have.

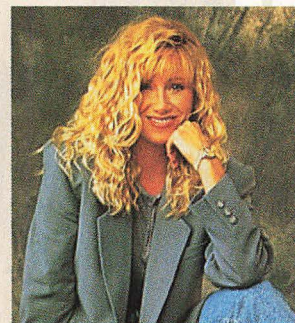
The weakest sections of the movie are the ones that depict Somers' romance with and eventual marriage to Alan Ham-

INTERVIEW

Suzanne on Suzanne

SUZANNE SOMERS is about to appear in the most challenging role of her career: Suzanne Somers. The former *Three's Company* star plays herself in ABC's *Keeping Secrets*, re-creating some of the most painful moments of her pre-stardom past (including an adulterous affair, an abortion, an arrest for writing bad checks, and life with an alcoholic father). "It gave me the willies to crawl back into that skin," Somers says. "Once again, I had to become this insecure woman who didn't like herself very much. I knew [the role] might be too close to me, but I also knew I could help people [by telling] the story of how an alcoholic affects the entire family—to tell people that it's not too late to change your life and to get help." Somers also served as the film's co-executive producer (along with her manager and husband, Alan Hamel). Working as the movie's assistant location manager was Somers' son, Bruce, 25, who also appears in a cameo as himself.

"I'm something of a control freak," Somers admits, "but I still sweated through the whole thing and had many sleepless nights." She didn't stop sweating until she held a private *Secrets* screening for her family. "It was hard for them to watch, but they liked it. So I can relax now." —Alan Carter



SOUL SEARCHER:
Somers is in control

BOB DAMICO

el, the Canadian game-show host and actor, who is also Somers' manager and co-executive producer of this film. Hamel is played by David Birney here, and although the script wants us to believe that Hamel, who is still married to Somers, was crucial in helping her emotionally and professionally, he comes off unappealingly—as a grinning smoothy who played Svengali to a curvaceous babe.

Somers does a pretty good job; she's utterly unbelievable in the early scenes as a chipper high school graduate, but in reliving her years as a struggling actress, Somers isn't nearly as self-conscious as she might have been. With its earnest tone and Kercheval's performance giving it weight, *Keeping Secrets* is better than you might expect.

As for *Step by Step*, it's exactly what you might expect: a sitcom as well-executed and weightless as everything else produced by what ABC calls "the hit comedy workshop" of creators Thomas L. Miller and Robert L. Boyett (*Full House*, etc.). An updating of *The Brady Bunch*, *Step* features Somers and Duffy as newlyweds who each have three children from previous marriages. The kids

squabble, but fairly amiably, and Duffy shows an unexpectedly goofy side of his personality that is charming. Somers is Somers, beaming out a smile so wide it threatens to split her face in half.

Two elements separate *Step by Step* from other sitcoms. One is a plot device: Somers runs a hair salon that adjoins the family's house, and the *Steel Magnolias*-like assortment of oddballs that constitute her hairdressers and their customers is, so far, an amusing lot. The other interesting thing is a running joke: Somers and Duffy are perpetually in heat for each other—panting, kissing, pawing. Sex rears its unruly head so rarely in sitcom marriages that this amounts to a novelty, one that will remain intriguing until the show overdoes it with too many but-the-kids-will-hear-us jokes. I give that three more weeks.

Note: You'll see my *Step by Step* grade below, but you should also know that the youngsters in my house, who have made ABC's Friday-night slate of Miller-Boyett sitcoms a devout ritual, give the series a strong B+. It pains me to write that, but fair is fair. *Keeping Secrets*: **C+** *Step by Step*: **C**

THE WEEK

All reviews are by ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY TV critic **KEN TUCKER**. Capsules are by Benjamin Svetkey. All times are Eastern daylight and are subject to change.

27
FRIDAY

REASONABLE DOUBTS (NBC, 10–11 p.m.) In a television season chock-full of new shows featuring squabbling odd couples who like each other deep down (*Palace Guard*, *P.S.I. Luv U*, *Pacific Station*, *Good & Evil*), *Reasonable Doubts* seemed the most interesting. Marlee Matlin (*Children of a Lesser God*) plays Tess Kaufman, a hearing-impaired assistant district attorney; Mark Harmon (*St. Elsewhere*, *Long Road Home*) is Dicky Cobb, a tough-talking police detective. Their mutual boss (William Converse-Roberts of *The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd*) thinks they'd make a great team because Dicky knows sign language—his father was deaf, it's explained.

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SLIPPERY CHARACTER: Garner's Doyle pleads with a distraught pal (Stuart Margolin) in *Man*

The idea is that Dicky will help Tess gather evidence to put away bad guys and the public good will be served. But they hate each other: He's a macho jerk, and she's a—well, she's a *macha* jerk. *Reasonable Doubts*' premiere is full of yelling arguments, as our heroes establish their turf

and prove that they're both stubborn and won't be pushed around. Sometimes the arguing gets pretty childish—"You're just like my father!" yelps Dicky at one point.

The most delicate aspect of *Reasonable Doubts* is Dicky's translation of Tess' signing—the obvious danger is that we'll have

to listen to Mark Harmon speaking both sides of their conversations each week. But in the pilot, this procedure doesn't call attention to itself—perhaps because the script by the show's creator, Robert Singer (*Midnight Caller*), is so obvious that we can predict what Tess is going to sign before she does it.

By the end of the show, Tess and Dicky have formed an uneasy alliance, one that leaves open the possibility that they might be attracted to each other romantically—gee, whatta surprise. Both actors make an effort to seem loose and spontaneous—Matlin succeeds, while the strain shows in the usually intense Harmon. But for all its novelty as a show with a hearing-impaired protagonist, *Reasonable Doubts* strands its stars in a very ordinary cops 'n' lawyers series. **C**

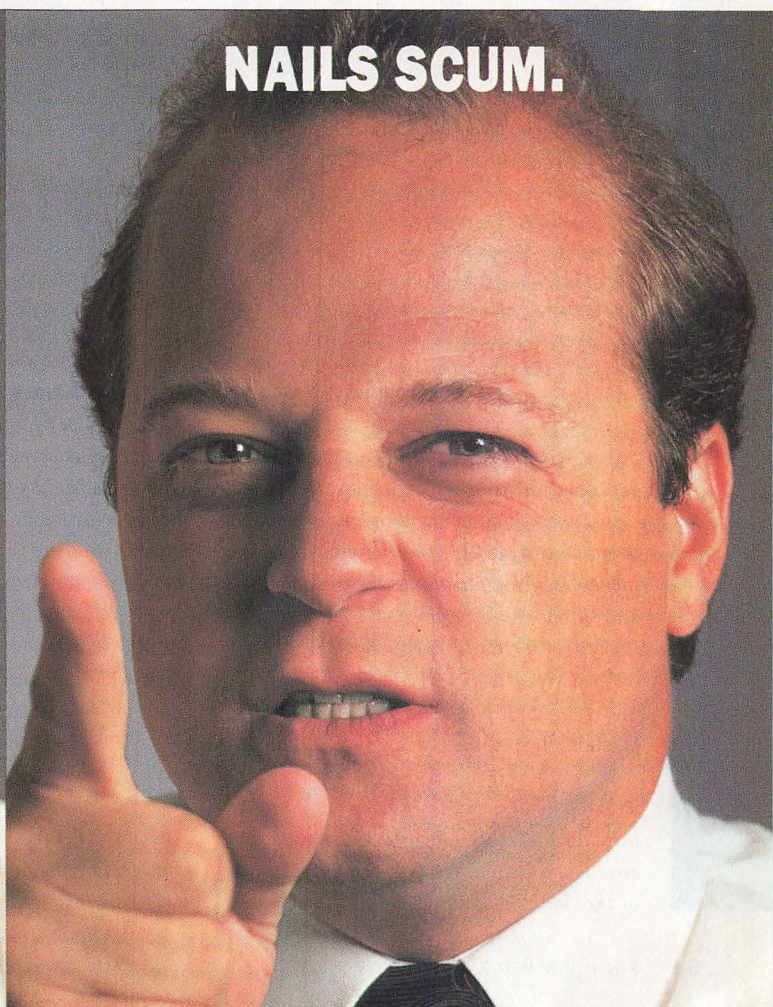
29 SUNDAY

MAN OF THE PEOPLE (NBC, 8-8:30 p.m.)

James Garner gives the half-hour sitcom form a try with *Man of the People*, and his style looks cramped. He plays Jim Doyle, a con man who becomes a city councilman and



SINGS OPERA.



NAILS SCUM.

continues to scam folks in his small town in California. Doyle is kept in line by a primly honest office assistant, played without charm by Corinne Bohrer (*Free Spirit*). Kate Mulgrew (*Heartbeat*), a perfectly good actress, is consigned to what seems like a fourth- or fifth-banana role as a mayor every bit as corrupt as Doyle.

Now, Garner was wonderfully rascally as both Jim Rockford and Bret Maverick, but this Doyle character—well, he's just an out-and-out weasel, bilking suckers and snickering about it. This being early prime time, *Man* makes sure to give Doyle a few redeeming moments. In one episode, for example, Doyle gets involved in a high-stakes poker game to raise money to build a recreation center for poor children. There's no laugh track in this series, but there are no laughs,

TV movie. Stacy Keach (*Mike Hammer*) stars as Charles McVay, a Navy captain in command of the USS *Indianapolis* in 1945. The ship is sailing the Pacific, having delivered components for the atomic bomb to be dropped on Hiroshima, when it is hit by torpedoes from a Japanese submarine.

The *Indianapolis* sinks, and only a little more than 300 of the ship's 1,196 men survive. Most of the first half of *Mission* contains seemingly endless scenes of brave men clinging to life rafts while sharks snap at their legs and sniff their blood. Back home, McVay's superiors decide that the captain didn't make all the proper efforts to avoid the torpedo, and McVay is court-martialed—the first American captain, it is said, to be prosecuted for losing a ship in battle.

As his lifeboat-clutching scenes prove,

helps a desperate mom (Megan Gallagher) search for her missing child.

30 MONDAY

CAROLINA SKELETONS (NBC, 9–11 p.m.) A new TV movie, set in 1967, about a Marine officer (Lou Gossett Jr.) who returns from Vietnam and tries to clear his dead brother's name in the murder of two young girls.

NORTHERN EXPOSURE (CBS, 10–11 p.m.) Joel runs lab tests to uncover the chemical secret of Chris' sexual magnetism, and Maggie bums out when she learns she needs eyeglasses.

1 TUESDAY

MOVIE: THE NAKED GUN—FROM THE FILES OF POLICE SQUAD! (CBS, 9–11 p.m.) The network premiere of the Zucker brothers' hilarious 1988 cop spoof (based on their short-lived '82 TV sitcom, *Police Squad!*), with Leslie Nielsen as Lieut. Frank Drebin and Ricardo Montalban as an evil L.A. businessman plotting to assassinate the queen of England. **A**

2 WEDNESDAY

SIBS (ABC, 9:30–10 p.m.) The siblings in *Sibs* are played by Marsha Mason, Margaret Colin (*Leg Work*), and Jami Gertz (*Square Pegs*); Alex Rocco (*The Famous Teddy Z*) is Mason's husband. *Sibs'* executive producers are industry superstars James L. Brooks (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*), Heide Perlman (*Cheers*), and Sam Simon (*The Simpsons*).

And what has all this talent wrought? A sitcom with anorexia nervosa: *Sibs* is thin, tense, fragile, and often empty. But it is also a show that seems on the verge of curing its problems and frequently shows signs of witty vigor.

Sibs' premise is simple: The show concerns the ongoing relationships among these sisters—Mason is the relatively sane one, warm and nurturing; Colin is cynical and sarcastic, a chain-smoking recovering alcoholic; Gertz is the ditzy free spirit.

Of this trio, Colin's Audie is the most



THREE ON A COUCH: (From left) Mason, Colin, and Gertz explore sisterhood in *Sibs*

either, which makes for long seconds of frozen, dead air when a punch line is delivered.

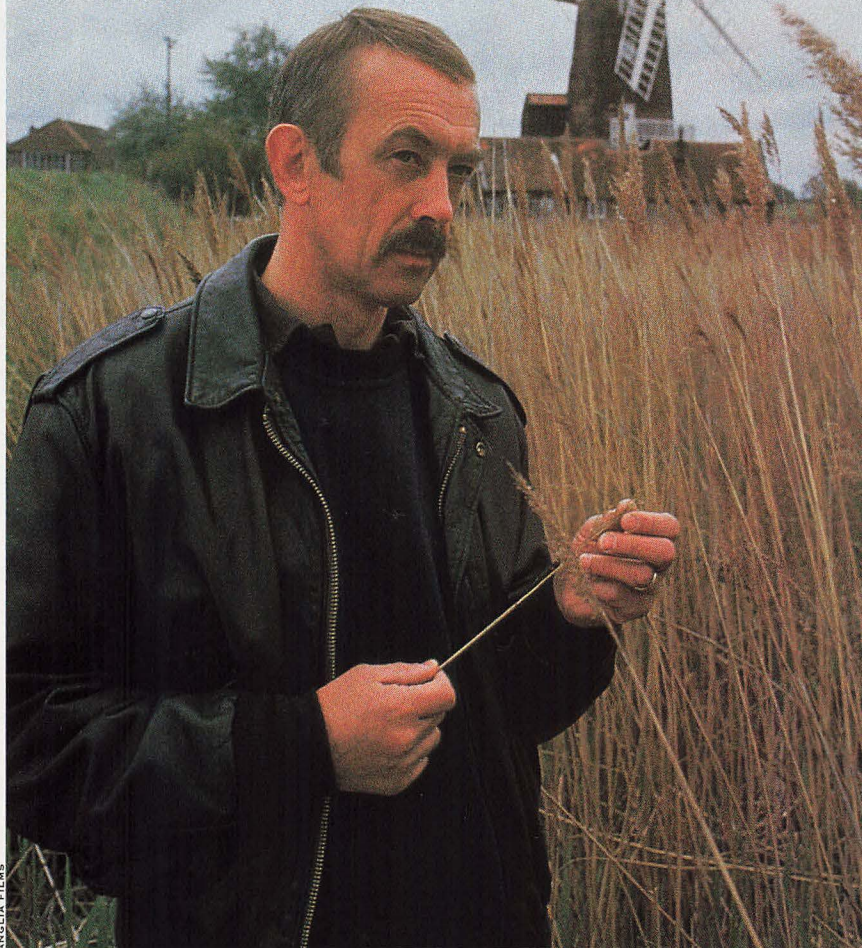
A most telling moment occurs in the final seconds of this episode: Having won the money, Doyle is surrounded by grateful kids, and Garner's discomfort at such a shamelessly sentimental scene is palpable. He leans over to give a little girl a peck on the cheek, and you can almost see Garner blush. He shouldn't be reduced to this sort of thing. **C-**

MISSION OF THE SHARK (CBS, 9–11 p.m.) An awkward mixture of shipwreck adventure, courtroom drama, and *Jaws* rip-off, *Mission of the Shark* is a damp, muddy, fact-based

Keach is in great shape, and he does his best to make his McVay transcend the cold, stuffy characterization in Alan Sharp's screenplay. But this is one of those TV movies in which everything important is telegraphed to the viewer way ahead of time. Thus, even without any knowledge of this real-life incident, I knew McVay wasn't going to come out of the stultifying courtroom scenes a happy sailor. Everyone had been acting so grim and portentous bad news was inevitable. **C-**

...AND THEN SHE WAS GONE (NBC, 9–11 p.m.) A new made-for-TV thriller about a successful businessman (Robert Urich) who

THE FRIGHT STALKER:
In *Devices and Desires*,
detective Adam
Dalglish (Roy Marsden)
hunts a serial killer



ANGELA FLEMING

complicated. It requires an innately charming actress to make so difficult a personality seem even slightly sympathetic, and the wry, underrated Colin really pulls this off. So far, though, too much of *Sibs* has been taken up with marriage—the tiresomely sitcom-typical one of Mason and Rocco's. The show leaves you wanting to see more. Of the many sitcoms floating around this new season, *Sibs* has the greatest potential to become an ensemble triumph. **B**

3

THURSDAY

MYSTERY!: *DEVICES AND DESIRES* (PBS, 9–10 p.m.) You have to be presold on this season's premiere installment of *Mystery!* That is to say, if you're not already a fan of P.D. James' mystery novels, you're likely to find the opening episode of *Devices and De-*

sires (based on the British author's most recent, 1990 novel) confusing and tedious.

Once again, Roy Marsden stars as Scotland Yard detective Adam Dalglish. This time out, the lanky, moody policeman investigates a series of murders committed in the contemporary Norfolk countryside. It's an interesting idea—a rural serial killer called the Whistler—and the grisly, sexual nature of the Whistler's crimes are an intriguing departure for both James and the mannerly *Mystery!* series. But director John Davies stuffs his first hour with so many characters—victims, suspects, and walk-on eccentrics—that it's almost impossible to keep track of who's who. One result is that our hero Dalglish receives minimal screen time. That's not an inviting way to commence a six-part series.

You'll have to trust me: *Devices and Desires* gets significantly better as it goes along, but this week's show is very slow going. **B-**

THE RATINGS

Downs and Crowns

IT WAS A BATTLE of the sexes for the No. 1 spot last week: Male viewers pushed ABC's *Monday Night Football* to the top of the Nielsens, while female viewers watched the *Miss America Pageant* on NBC. Both men and women were drawn to the season premiere of CBS' *48 Hours* (a report on prostitutes, pushers, and others with "street stories" to tell); its 17th-place finish was the program's best showing since an April special on spring break in Florida.

Other premiere news: NBC put *The Adventures of Mark & Brian* all over the place with three different episodes; the show did decently on Monday and Thursday nights (33rd and 35th for the week, respectively), and, in its regular Sunday berth, came in second to the season premiere of the stalwart *60 Minutes*. And the premiere of CBS' *P.S.I. Luv U*, starring Connie Sellecca, got a boost from its lead-in, the season premiere of *Murder, She Wrote*.

VIEWERS* TOP TEN

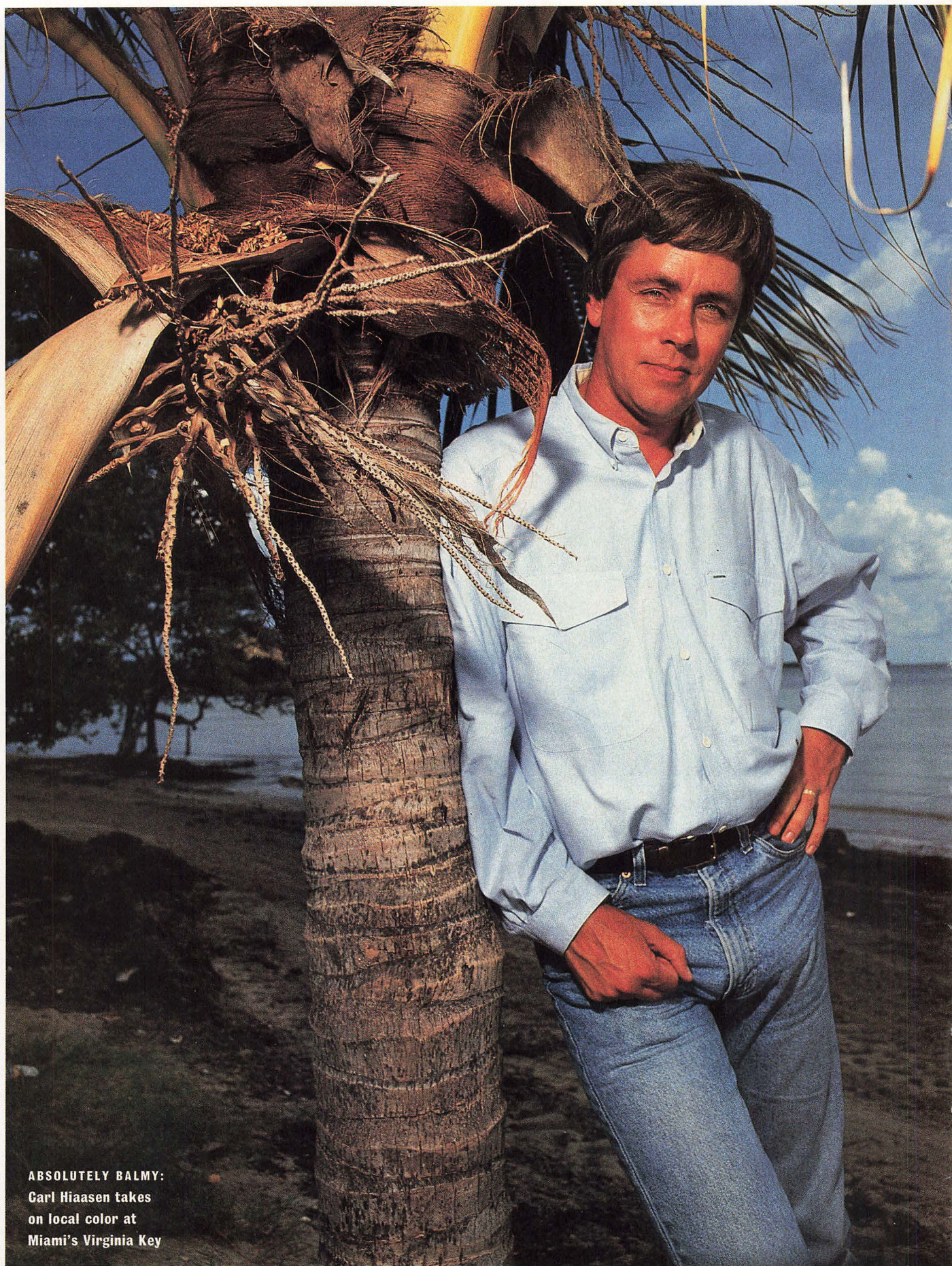
LAST WEEK

1	27.5	FOOTBALL: REDSKINS VS. COWBOYS ...2
		ABC, Monday, 9 p.m.
2	26.7	MISS AMERICA PAGEANT—
		NBC, Saturday, 10 p.m.
3	24.9	ROSEANNE 3
		ABC, Tuesday, 9 p.m.
4	24.5	60 MINUTES 4
		CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m.
5	23.7	MARRIED...WITH CHILDREN 1
		Fox, Sunday, 9 p.m.
6	22.8	MURDER, SHE WROTE 33
		CBS, Sunday, 8 p.m.
7	22.7	P.S.I. LUV U—
		CBS, Sunday, 9 p.m.
8	22.3	NURSES—
		NBC, Saturday, 9:30 p.m.
9	22.0	COACH 8
		ABC, Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.
10	21.0	MURPHY BROWN 24
		CBS, Monday, 9 p.m.

BOTTOM FIVE

89	7.9	REWRITE FOR MURDER—
		CBS, Saturday, 10 p.m.
90	7.8	TRUE COLORS—
		Fox, Sunday, 7 p.m.
	7.8	ALL IN THE FAMILY 75
		CBS, Friday, 8:30 p.m.
92	7.0	THE BEST OF THE WORST 90
		Fox, Saturday, 9:30 p.m.
93	6.8	THE SUNDAY COMICS 80
		Fox, Sunday, 10 p.m.

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF SEPT. 9-15
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH



ABSOLUTELY BALMY:
Carl Hiaasen takes
on local color at
Miami's Virginia Key

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Sleaze in the Keys

In South Florida, where local writers have made wacked-out crime fiction a growth industry, no one crafts the weird better than Miami novelist Carl Hiaasen. **BY JOSH RUBINS**

DOES COMEDY kill suspense? Not necessarily. As Hitchcock proved again and again, light-hearted touches can actually boost the chill factor. Funny writers of every variety—from whimsical Ross Thomas to mordant Charles Willeford, from farcical Donald E. Westlake to sardonic Reginald Hill—have managed to pull out the laughs while keeping things tense, mysterious, and even scary. Elmore Leonard, above all, has figured out how to ride close to the edge of absurdity, always pulling back in time to make us care what happens next.

And then there's Carl Hiaasen, who delights in going over the edge, whatever the consequences. After collaborating with William D. Montalbano on a series of lively but conventional thrillers, Hiaasen—a reporter/columnist for the *Miami Herald*—set out on his own, apparently determined to outdo every writer (including Leonard) who ever turned a satirical eye on South Florida. The results so far have been impressive, if uneven. In his third solo effort, *Skin Tight* (1989), Hiaasen seemed for the first time to take full command of his boisterous talents: bizarre plot twists, grotesque characters, gonzo satire. Yet somehow the outlandishness never got in the way of the steady pace, the deepening fascination, or the genuine horror.

With **NATIVE TONGUE** (Knopf, \$21), however, Hiaasen moves beyond outlandish into sheer cartoon. The setting is North Key Largo, where a vile real estate developer named Francis Kingsbury has gone into cut-rate competition with Disney World by setting up the Amazing Kingdom of Thrills, a giddy mélange of bogus animal acts, dangerous rides, and vulgar pageants. Worse yet, Kingsbury plans to uglify pristine Key Largo land with a golf-condo proj-

ect. But don't worry. Rich, elderly Molly McNamara, head of the Mothers of Wilderness, vows to stop Kingsbury in his tracks. And Molly eventually joins forces with the book's uninspiring hero: ex-newsman Joe Winder, a PR hack for the Amazing Kingdom.

Hiaasen smartens up this one-dimensional scenario with a few intriguing wrinkles, like the Mafia secret in Kingsbury's past. But the only smidgen of mystery here—how did the Amazing Kingdom's resident zoologist wind up inside Orky the Killer Whale?—gets solved early on. So the novel is filled out with quirkiness for its own sake and mindlessly escalating mayhem. Miss Molly, an eccentric, shoots her hired help in their extremities when they annoy her. Kingsbury's chief henchman—a psychotic bodybuilder—mainlines steroids from a portable IV unit and thinks

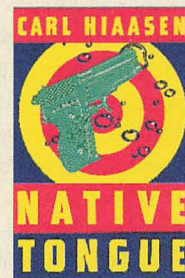
nothing of chewing off his own foot. Winder's girlfriend is a phone-sex operator with literary pretensions (a gag that soon runs dry); his guardian angel is a homicidal hermit known as Skink—Hiaasen fans will remember him from *Double Whammy* (1988)—who was governor of Florida back in the 1970s. You get the idea.

Even when the comedy is downright juvenile, Hiaasen is still such a strong writer—fat-free narration, all-natural dialogue—that the silliness goes down easy. And though the antidevelopment satire seems a little stale, the send-ups of the PR biz are right on target. Don't expect any thrills, then: This time the comedy does kill suspense. But if you'll settle for local color gone wild, with lots of corpses but no real blood, Hiaasen's Florida loony tunes may deliver some giddy, raucous entertainment. **B**

EXCERPT

Tasteless Fish Tales

ORKY THE KILLER WHALE had come to the Amazing Kingdom of Thrills under clouded circumstances. His true name (or the name bestowed upon him by his human captors off the the coast of British Columbia) was Samson. Delivered in a drugged stupor to a north California marine park, he was measured at twenty-nine feet and seven inches, a robust male example of the species *orca*. Samson was larger than the other tame killer whales in the tank, and proved considerably more recalcitrant and unpredictable. In his first six months of captivity he mauled two trained porpoises and chomped the tail off a popular sea lion named Mr. Mugsy. Trainers worked overtime trying to teach their new star the most rudimentary of whale tricks—leaping through a plastic hoop, or snatching a dead mackerel from the fingers of a pretty model—with minimal success. One day he would perform like a champ, the next he would sink to the bottom of the tank and fart belligerently, launching balloon-sized bubbles of fishy gas to the surface. The audience seldom found this entertaining. Eventually most of the seasoned whale trainers refused to enter the water with Samson. Those who tried to ride his immense black dorsal were either whiplashed or pretzeled or corkscrewed into semiconsciousness.



Suffer the Little Children

THE SWEET HEREAFTER

By Russell Banks

(Fiction, HarperCollins, \$20)

ONLY IN THIS CENTURY, George Orwell once pointed out, has the death of a child come to be seen as a violation of the natural order. Until the advent of modern medicine parents could expect to bury at least one of their children. But such historical perspective is no comfort to the survivors of a terrible tragedy like the school bus wreck that lies at the heart of Russell Banks' *The Sweet Hereafter*. As most of us would, the townspeople of the Adirondack village of Sam Dent, N.Y., must find somebody to blame for the loss of 14 children. The problem is, whom? And how will the guilty atone for their crime?

Or, to put it in terms more familiar to contemporary Americans, exactly how much can the guilty be made to pay? Attorney Mitchell Stephens, who has been hired by the parents, knows the answer depends upon who is being asked to pay. "Anytime I hear about a case like that school bus disaster up there," confides the Manhattan sharpie, "I turn into a heat-seeking missile, homing in on a target that I know in my bones is going to turn out to be some bungling corrupt state agency or some multinational corporation that's cost-accounted the difference between a ten-cent bolt and a million-dollar out-of-court settlement."

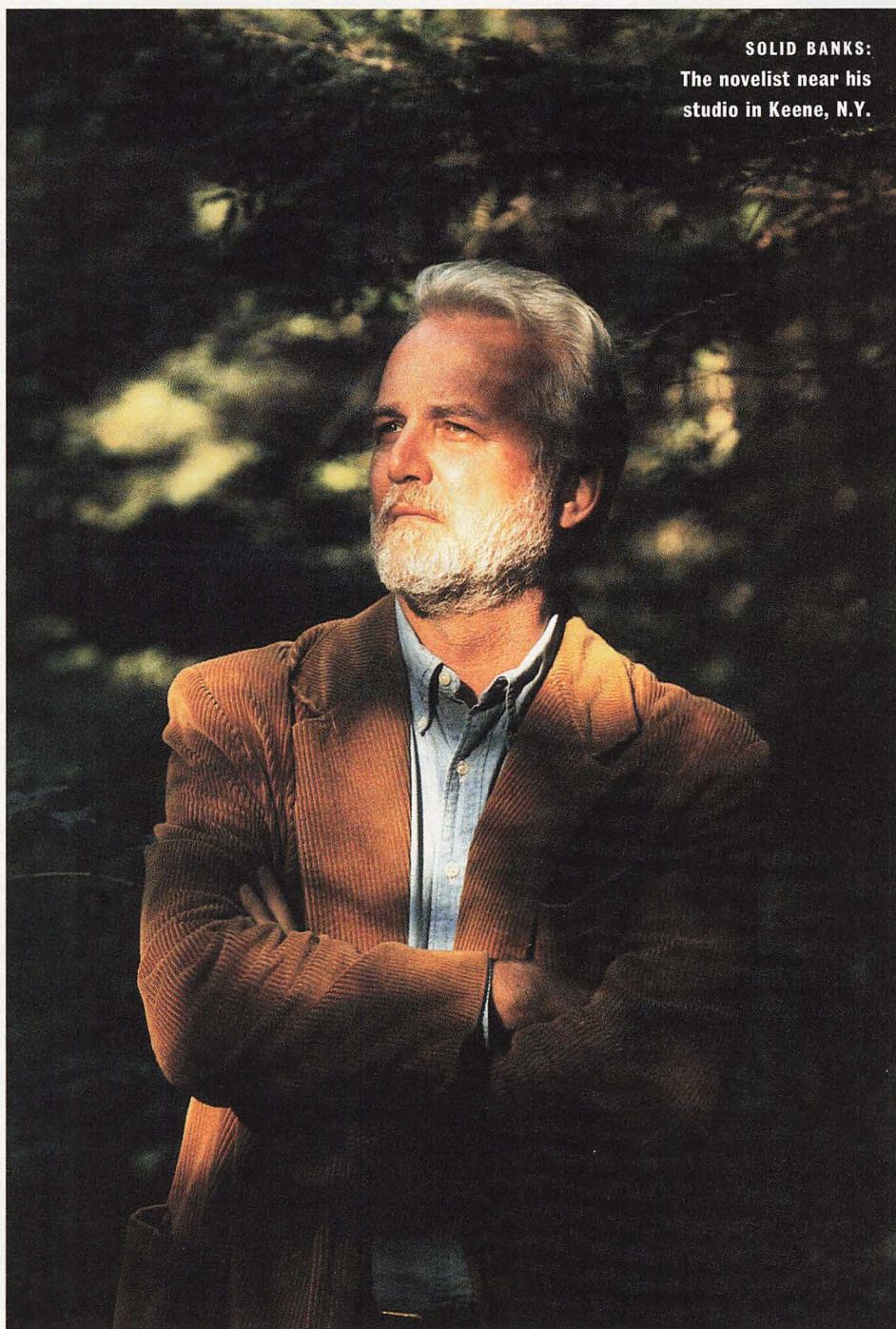
Not, in other words, driver Dolores Driscoll, who was at the wheel in a blinding snowstorm when her load of 34 children plunged through a guardrail, down an embankment, and sank in a flooded sand pit. Even though some of them believe she was at fault, few locals wish to hold Dolores legally responsible.

And besides, she has no money.

"There are no accidents," Stephens insists. "I don't even know what the word means, and I never trust anyone who says he does." But the lawyer is an outsider in a rural village almost as remote from Manhattan as if it were in Montana or Alaska. Many in Sam Dent accept the existence of accidents, invoke God's will, and seek comfort in religion. But not Billy Ansel, the lawyer's antagonist, a service-station owner who witnessed the crash that completed what he bitterly calls "the Vietnamization of

my domestic life." Having lost his wife to cancer and his twin son and daughter in the wreck, Ansel has become "the reverse, the opposite, of a Christian. For me, now, the only reality was death." An ex-football star and war hero, he haunts the town like a ghost.

Yet even in his alcoholic despair, Ansel thinks it is important that the town not tear itself to pieces in a protracted lawsuit that could make some villagers obscenely rich from the deaths of their children. Banks, whose earlier novels (*Affliction*, *Continental Drift*,



SOLID BANKS:
The novelist near his
studio in Keene, N.Y.

Trailerpark) have shown him to be adept at infusing the lives of ordinary working people with passion and drama, draws the conflict sharply. Ansel's only ally—although he doesn't know it—is young Nichole Burnell, a lovely 14-year-old cheerleader, permanently crippled in the wreck, who has her own more intimate reasons for wishing to bring the lawsuit to an end. As things turn out, it's Nichole who holds the cards.

Narrated in turn by each of its four protagonists (Dolores Driscoll, Billy Ansel, Mitchell Stephens, and Nichole Burnell), *The Sweet Hereafter* represents a brilliantly concise example of the storyteller's art. Too brilliant, actually. Wasting not a word, the polished surface of Banks' narrative and the novel's almost mathematically taut construction succeed in avoiding pathos at the cost of real feeling. For all the potential power of its theme, the novel lies flat on the page. Perhaps that's because, with the attention focused upon the aftermath, the reader never actually believes in the lives of the children. **B**

—Gene Lyons

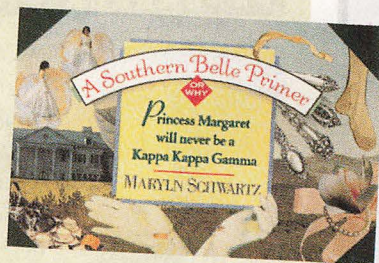
INTERVIEW

The Book of Belles

"IN THE SOUTH, a girl's first can of hair spray is more important than her first bra," says Marilyn Schwartz, author of *A Southern Belle Primer: Or Why Princess Margaret Will Never Be a Kappa Kappa Gamma* (Doubleday, \$10). Shellacked blond hair aside, how can you spot a Southern belle? Well, if the perfectly manicured nails and the genuine pearls don't give her away, here are some more pointers: "For one thing, even if they're 90 years old, Southern belles call their father 'Daddy,'" says Schwartz, age 47, a *Dallas Morning News* columnist. "They have a deviled-egg plate in the cupboard and they'd drink iced tea in the middle of a blizzard." But don't be fooled. "A Southern belle is perfectly capable of being President—it's just a bigger coup to be Queen of the Natchez Pilgrimage."

She should know. Schwartz spent the last two years doing research in the folkways of Southern womanhood. "I wanted to see if the hard-core Southern belle was alive and well—and she is," she reports. Schwartz interviewed bebies of belles about making the right chicken salad (no dark meat), getting into the right sorority (Kappa, of course), and choosing the proper silver pattern: "When a girl picks Grand Baroque at age 11, she hasn't just decided how to set her table, she's charted her course in life."

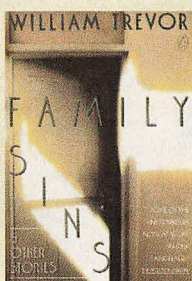
But does any of this *matter* any more? Of course, says Schwartz. Just look at ABC's Diane Sawyer, a classic Southern belle if there ever was one. "The same stuff that won her an America Junior Miss title got her that interview with Boris Yeltsin." —Tina Jordan



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PAPERBACK PICKS



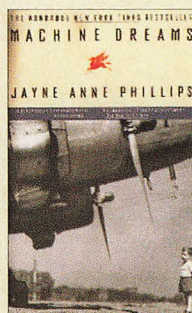
FAMILY SINS & OTHER STORIES William Trevor (Penguin, \$8.95, first published in 1990) Fate and its subsidiaries—passion, character, illusion, family—move in mysterious and archaic ways in Trevor's stories, some of which take place in the Ireland of a few decades ago but could as easily be set 100 years or more in the past. The title story sums up the essential theme of this masterful book: We might as well resign ourselves to our fate, which is to rebel against our fate. **A**

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS H.G. Bissinger (HarperPerennial, \$10, 1990) *The Last Picture Show* with shoulder pads. Bissinger uses the story of a high school football season in Odessa, Tex., to show more than the town's obsession with the gridiron. He gives us the heart of Odessa itself—its history and lost dreams. He doesn't conceal his discomfort at the damage inflicted by Odessa's football frenzy, but his tone is sympathetic. The reporting is absolutely extraordinary; call it a classic. **A**

WHITE GIRLS Lynn Lauber (Vintage, \$9, 1990) These stories may seem aimless, but it's Lauber's style to make snapshots rather than construct narratives. Detail is her business, and the details here perfectly sum up the life of a small Ohio town. Hot summer afternoons at the drive-in; the local television chat show; the adolescent pranks of young women who wear halter tops and suck on filched ciggies. Lauber invests these images with a great deal of emotion, and her flat prose never loses its reticent power. **A**



THE WITCHING HOUR Anne Rice (Ballantine, \$14, 1990) You want this saga of a brood of crazy crones in New Orleans to be as juicy as its publicity promises. Rice has crammed her capacious larder with quite a store of ghostly happenings (witches, psychics, near-death survivors) rendered in nicely purpled prose. But there's enough exposition to choke even a supernatural attention span. Rice can spin a tale, but is she being paid by the word? **C+**



MACHINE DREAMS Jayne Anne Phillips (Washington Square Press, \$10, 1984) A reissue of one of the decade's genuinely great American novels. Phillips captures the lingering effects of the Vietnam decade as they work themselves into one family's hearts, minds, and myths. She communicates the integrity of her characters without turning them into silhouettes of noble virtue. *Machine Dreams* does for the domestic front in the aftermath of the war what Michael Herr's *Dispatches* did for the war zone: It claims the territory as its own. **A+**

IN ALL HIS GLORY: THE LIFE OF WILLIAM S. PALEY Sally Bedell Smith (Touchstone, \$15, 1990) A big, wonderfully detailed biography with a compelling narrative drive. The story of William S. Paley, the son of a Chicago cigar maker who reinvented himself as a suave tycoon, built CBS, and then presided over its decline, reads like the sort of story Theodore Dreiser or Frank Norris would have seized upon as emblematic of the American Century. With its small cast of powerful characters at the helm of television, radio, movies, and print, it also reads like a chapter from Ben Bagdikian's *Media Monopoly*. **A-**

IN SHORT

Fiction

FAR-FLUNG Peter Cameron (HarperCollins, \$20) "We fell slowly out of love, paratroopers, floating back down to earth, landing with a quiet thud: friends." If only it were that easy. Cameron's new stories are thoughtful variations on the breaking-up-is-hard-to-do theme. His couples are gay, lesbian, straight, old, and young. Invariably, one person loves the other too much or too long, causing a put-upon narrator to reflect, "How pathetic the unloved are.... How assiduously they suffer, how they cultivate their rejection." Cameron is a fine writer, but he likes to end his stories without letting them come to a conclusion—"She leans forward, across the bed, toward me," say, or, "I just stand under a street-light and look at it"—and the reader is brought up short, stumbling over a step that isn't there. At their most frustrating, his stories read like opening chapters of novels he grew bored of writing. It's a testament to his skill, of course, that we're itching to read the rest. **B+** —Jeff Giles

Nonfiction

I HOPE: REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS

Raisa Gorbachev (HarperCollins, \$20) Happy first families are all alike, Tolstoy would have said if he'd read this pioneering Soviet foray into a quintessentially American genre, the political puff memoir. Like Pat Nixon, Raisa Gorbachev is proud of her cloth coat. Like Barbara Bush, she dotes on her grandchildren and enjoys reading aloud. Like Nancy Reagan, she has heard of astrology (Raisa is a Capricorn, Gorbys a Pisces). Like Jackie, she's popular with the French. The moral earnestness, however, the taste for high-minded platitudes—these qualities are uniquely hers, the marks of a good Soviet education. It jars to hear her champion *glasnost* in the Pollyannaish tones of officially sanctioned prose. The last chapters are more honest. Hind-sight lends pathos to her defense of her husband's attachment to old-time party pals. What's wrong with that? she insists, in this series of interviews completed in April '91. Isn't loyalty to friends the moral position? Clearly her next book is the one we're waiting for. **C+** —Suzanne Ruta

SOME LIKE IT HAUTE:
Satin evening dress
(1989) from *Valentino*



VALENTINO: THIRTY YEARS OF MAGIC Marie-Paule Pellé with Patrick Mauriès (*Abbeville*, \$95) Best summed up in the haute hilarious prose of its introduction: "Glamorous and elegant, softly tailored and a little conservative...Valentino's women populate all the best places, knowing that they have what it takes to pass unmolested through even the worst of times. Not that they see many bad times. Women wearing Valentino are simply a cut above." Sets a high-water mark for lavishness and snob appeal. **A**

Cookbooks

THE BROOKLYN COOKBOOK Lyn Stallworth and Rod Kennedy Jr. (*Knopf*, \$23) The recipes for ethnic family fare and modest treats in this bouquet to Brooklyn are steeped in memories of the days "when Brooklyn was the world." In the '30s and '40s along 86th Street under the el, three cents bought the Brooklyn version of a charlotte russe, sometimes called charley roosh or chararoose. In Jewish neighborhoods on Fridays whole blocks smelled of Saturday's pot roasts, made early to avoid cooking on the Sabbath. A little later, on TV's *The Honeymooners* (set in Brooklyn during the '50s), refrigerator raider Ed Norton pestered Ralph for chowchow and piccalilli—so those recipes turn up here too.

In all, this inclusive sampler draws on a score of ethnic groups, from the early Dutch to the latest Asian arrivals, and on a roster of Brooklyn-born celebrities and borough institutions. All of which seems evidence enough that Brooklyn was indeed the world, and might as well be yet. **A-** —Sada Fretz

THE CLASSIC CUISINE OF SOVIET GEORGIA: HISTORY, TRADITIONS, AND RECIPES Julianne Margvelashvili (*Prentice Hall*, \$19.95) For culinary explorers ever on the watch for new cuisines, the cooking of Soviet Georgia is a delightful find. And Julianne Margvelashvili, a Canadian married to a Soviet Georgian, proves an expert and charming guide to its pleasures. Although the pilafs, stuffed grape leaves, baklava, and lamb and eggplant dishes of Georgian food bear a superficial resemblance to their Greek and Middle Eastern counterparts, they are distin-

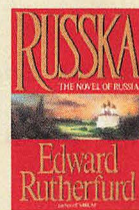
guished by complex and unusual seasonings. We can't reproduce all of the region's distinctive herbs and cheeses, but with Margvelashvili's help we can go a way toward approximating them. **A** —SF

FLAVORS OF GREECE Rosemary Barron (*Morrow*, \$25) Plato, Plutarch, the Parthenon...to that grade-school list of Greek contributions to world culture we should probably add pasta. Macaroni dishes, we discover here, go back at least as far as the Greeks, as do such other culinary crazes as outdoor grilling and spit roasting and a general emphasis on fresh, unfussy food. The flavors that Rosemary Barron works with in these dishes are not especially varied or exotic, but she orchestrates their combinations to vibrant effect. **A** —SF

FOOD FROM AN AMERICAN FARM Janeen Aletta Sarlin (*Simon & Schuster*, \$24.95) A family scrapbook of recipes, reminiscences, and old photos of just plain folks. Janeen Sarlin, who grew up on a Minnesota dairy farm, piles on the cream, butter, and corny country phrases. The book begins with the makings of those huge farm breakfasts that you'd need a few hours in the fields to appreciate, and ends with directions for reenacting Grams' annual soap-making ritual. It's all as genuine as the dickens. **B** —SF

BEST-SELLERS

Giant Steppe



LONGER THAN THE Volga: *Russka*, Edward Rutherfurd's saga following four families in Russia from the year 180 to just after the revolution, is almost as large as

the Soviet Union itself before the loss of the Baltic republics. Although dramatic events of recent history are not within the book's compass, readers have shown their enthusiasm for things Russian by putting it on the fiction list this week at No. 7.

FICTION

WEEKS
ON LIST

- 1 **THE SUM OF ALL FEARS** 6
Tom Clancy, *Putnam*, \$24.95
- 2 **SAINT MAYBE** 4
Anne Tyler, *Knopf*, \$22
- 3 **THE FIRM** 29
John Grisham, *Doubleday*, \$19.95
- 4 **THE KITCHEN GOD'S WIFE** 13
Amy Tan, *Putnam*, \$22.95
- 5 **THE DOOMSDAY CONSPIRACY** 2
Sidney Sheldon, *Morrow*, \$22
- 6 **FLOWERS IN THE RAIN AND OTHER STORIES** 3
Rosamunde Pilcher, *St. Martin's*, \$20
- 7 **RUSSKA** 2
Edward Rutherfurd, *Crown*, \$25
- 8 **LOVES MUSIC, LOVES TO DANCE** 20
Mary Higgins Clark, *Simon & Schuster*, \$21.95
- 9 **MAXIMUM BOB** 8
Elmore Leonard, *Delacorte*, \$20
- 10 **STAR WARS: HEIR TO THE EMPIRE, VOL. I** 17
Timothy Zahn, *Spectra/Bantam*, \$15

NONFICTION

- 1 **FINAL EXIT** 6
Derek Humphry, *Hemlock/Carol*, \$16.95
- 2 **PARLIAMENT OF WHORES** 14
P.J. O'Rourke, *Atlantic Monthly Press*, \$19.95
- 3 **UH-OH: SOME OBSERVATIONS FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR** 4
Robert Fulghum, *Villard*, \$19
- 4 **CHUTZPAH** 14
Alan Dershowitz, *Little, Brown*, \$22.95
- 5 **IRON JOHN: A BOOK ABOUT MEN** 42
Robert Bly, *Addison-Wesley*, \$18.95
- 6 **TOUJOURS PROVENCE** 14
Peter Mayle, *Knopf*, \$20
- 7 **DO IT! LET'S GET OFF OUR BUTS** 15
John-Roger and Peter McWilliams, *Prelude/Bantam*, \$20
- 8 **ANNE SEXTON: A BIOGRAPHY** 4
Diane Wood Middlebrook, *Houghton Mifflin*, \$24.95
- 9 **WEALTH WITHOUT RISK** 133
Charles J. Givens, *Simon & Schuster*, \$19.95
- 10 **FIRE IN THE BELLY: ON BEING A MAN** 14
Sam Keen, *Bantam*, \$19.95

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

'Apocalypse' Now

On *Apocalypse '91: The Enemy Strikes Black*, Public Enemy match rap's most intense political commentary with a sonic blast that hits harder than ever. **BY ARMOND WHITE**

POLITICAL CONTENT is always controversial in pop, but Public Enemy rock the pop world's love boat more than any other current artists by mixing slamming beats with the plain talk and raw feelings of the nation's unempowered—primarily blacks and youth. On **APOCALYPSE '91: THE ENEMY STRIKES BLACK** (Def Jam/Columbia; Ⓢ 66), rapper Chuck D and comic sidekick Flavor Flav bring a fresh, preacher-deacon urgency to social issues. They put the news in the center of the dance floor—and their performances are so stimulating that their ideas have to be seriously considered.

The first three Public Enemy albums established them as rap's most innova-

tive group, uniting their radical point of view with unusual song structures and an amazing variety of sampled music and sound effects. On *Apocalypse '91*, PE sharpen their verbal and musical attack. They take on the pernicious effects of media control ("How to Kill a Radio Consultant"); resistance to the Martin Luther King Jr. national holiday ("By the Time I Get to Arizona"); and the controversy over marketing malt liquor almost exclusively to blacks ("One Million Bottlebags"). PE's criticism is precise: "Who's sellin' us pain/In the hood another up to no good/Plan designed by the other man."

On the album's strongest cut, "Can't Truss It," PE tie their contemporary concerns into African-American histo-

ry. Chuck's rap connects the history of the slave trade to modern society's class- and race-based structure: "Look, here come the judge.../I can only guess what's happenin'/Years ago he would've been the ship's captain."

The song's title is a double allusion—"truss" can be heard as black dialect for "trust," conveying Public Enemy's distrust of authority, or as "truss," a bind that symbolizes restraint on the group's self-expression. On the song, Chuck uncovers history in the present: "I got a story that's harder than a hard-core cost/Not 'The Holocaust'/I'm talkin' 'bout the one still goin' on." That's not a denial of any group's suffering but rather a challenge to "official" history that ignores African-American pain.

When Chuck calls out, "Here comes the drums!" on "Truss," he invokes the music's African rhythmic base. Between the syncopated verses are melodic interludes that spell the song's march. This contrast between African and European musical modes parallels the ambivalent feelings that are part of the black American experience.

Apocalypse '91 gives us PE's hardest-hitting music ever. Hank Shocklee's Bomb Squad production turns the rhetoric into kinetic sensations. Keening noises rise out of steamroller grooves. Two tracks, "Lost at Birth" and "Rebirth," reassemble key sounds and words from PE's past into edgy, jazz-metal abstractions.

At a time when some West Coast rappers concentrate on unfocused anger and profanity, this album finds Public Enemy theorizing about black discontent with a close-up, street-life focus, while insisting that rap be more than the whine of crybabies or thugs. *Apocalypse '91* has an emotional and intellectual sweep, advancing political awareness along with fellow feeling, enlightenment with pleasure. **A+**

BATTLING MALT LIQUOR

Chuck D: 'This One's Not for You'

WHEN PUBLIC ENEMY denounces malt liquor in "One Million Bottlebags," the band means business. Claiming copyright infringement and violation of his publicity rights, Chuck D filed a \$5 million lawsuit Aug. 28 against San Francisco's McKenzie River Corp., maker of St. Ides malt liquor, over a radio



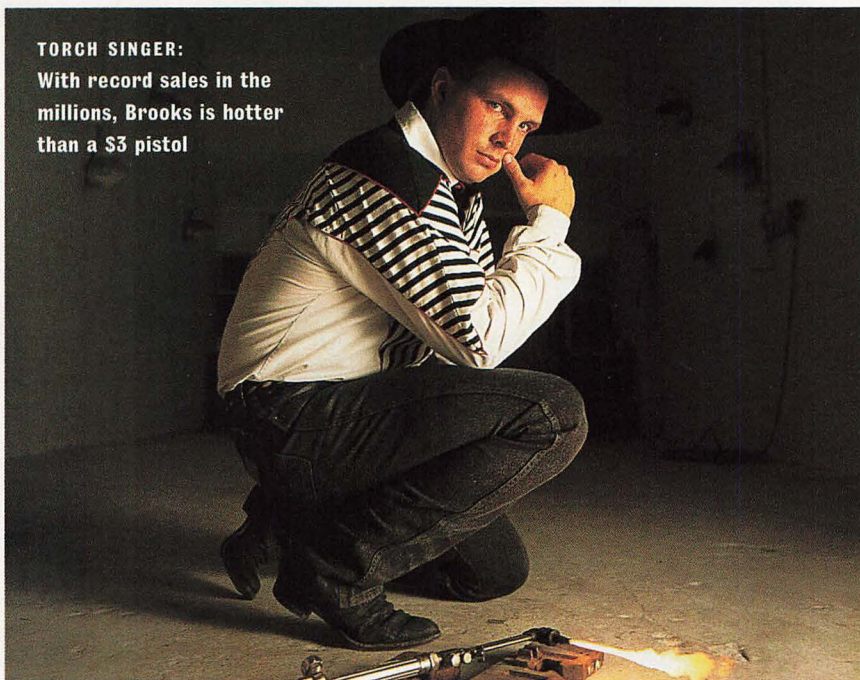
POSTER BOY: St. Ides ad

ad that sampled his voice. The ad inserts "St. Ides" into a Chuck D lyric, "the incredible [St. Ides] No. 1," from "Bring the Noise." "It's unconscionable," says the rapper's attorney, Lisa Davis. "He has taken a very strong position against malt liquor, and these ads make him look like a hypocrite." According to McKenzie River chief executive Minott Wessinger, the company "was unaware Chuck D's voice was in the ad, which was produced independently, and withdrew the spot" before the suit was filed. The TV, radio, and poster campaign uses a number of rappers, including Rakim and EPMD, but primarily Ice Cube (the ad with Chuck D's voice features Ice Cube's rapped endorsement of St. Ides).

Although the ads play on black-radio outlets such as New York's WBLS and Los Angeles' KJLH, McKenzie River claims it doesn't target blacks in particular. Say Wessinger, "Ice Cube's appeal is broad scale, and there's a similarly broad market for malt liquor." However, blacks buy 75 percent of all malt liquor, which has up to twice the alcohol of beer. —Peter Kobel



TORCH SINGER:
With record sales in the millions, Brooks is hotter than a \$3 pistol



Middle of the Rut

With *Ropin' the Wind* Garth Brooks moseys down the same country road he has traveled before. **BY KEN TUCKER**

UH-OH—sounds like ol' Garth is starting to believe his hype. Brooks commences his third album, **ROPIN' THE WIND** (Capitol Nashville; ♫ 67), with the vainglorious "Against the Grain": "Folks call me a maverick...I ain't no hypocrite/What you see is what you get..." "Get" is pronounced "git" to rhyme with "hypocrite," and what *we* git is a carefully crafted but disturbingly self-satisfied record from the most popular performer in current country music.

On his first two albums, Brooks was a passionate performer, a sensitive tough guy who strove to understand the emotions of the women in his songs. But on *Ropin' the Wind*, Brooks' music has turned sour; his persona self-centered. In "Burning Bridges," he's a heel who talks to his lover about "where we'd settle down"; early the next morning, though, he skips town. In "Rodeo," his true love "ain't no woman, flesh and blood/It's that damned old rodeo," while on "Cold Shoulder," "this old highway is...the mistress that keeps me from the

one I love." Over and over, songs describe a moody character who'll use any excuse to avoid a commitment.

All of this would be interesting—the daydreams of a country star whose big hat has become too small for his bigger head—if the music surrounding these lyrics were compelling, as aggressive as Brooks' verbal sentiments. But most of the time the melodies on *Ropin'* are wispy—mere country-tinged, easy-listening pop tunes—supported by the blandest sort of instrumental accompaniment. Time after time, the vague music fades into the background of a song, pushing Brooks' words and voice forward in an awkward imbalance.

His best performances here—"What She's Doing Now," "The River," and Billy Joel's "Shameless"—showcase Brooks' greatest strength: his ability to imbue baleful country ballads with complex, soulful emotions. But *Ropin' the Wind*, no consumer bargain with just a little more than half an hour of music on it, is a portrait of one morose, self-conscious cowpoke. Loosen up, Garth. **C+**

IN SHORT

You can hear excerpts from any album reviewed in this issue by calling 1-900-HOT-HITS. Follow the simple directions you'll be given when you call—or, for direct access to any album, dial the two-digit code listed after the ♫ symbol in the review. (Charge: 99¢ per minute.)

Pop/Rock

VAN MORRISON *Hymns to the Silence* (Polydor; ♫ 68) Like a number of other musical geniuses, from Jerry Lee Lewis to Prince, Van Morrison cares about two things: his music and his God. In his early years, as a member of Them ("Gloria") and as auteur of "Brown Eyed Girl" and *Moondance*, his concern was rock; today, as over the last 10 years, he stands on the Rock. *Hymns to the Silence* is a sprawling, two-disc set of 21 songs, a moody, tangled, and deeply affecting statement of belief. Low points—a catchy but self-pitying ditty called "Why Must I Always Explain"—suggest Bob Dylan at his crankiest. More memorable are long, sparkling workouts of Celtic soul and gospel—"I'm Carrying a Torch," "Hymns to the Silence," "I Need Your Kind of Loving"—in which Morrison urgently mixes physical and spiritual love, finding strength in both. Topping it all is a murmuring memoir, "On Hyndford Street"; backed only by a spooky keyboard and Van's own guitar, the song is an extraordinary portrait of the nights, the silence, the shivers "in the days before rock & roll," when "we carried on dreaming in God." *Hymns to the Silence* is a major work, a flaming testament to a free-fall into faith. **A**

—Bill Wyman

BRYAN ADAMS *Waking Up the Neighbours* (A&M; ♫ 69) I have some teenage friends in Washington State whose idea of a good time is standing at the Canadian border and yelling "get a culture" at the motorists on the other side. Surely Ontario's Bryan Adams should take their advice. He's made a profitable career of culling American music for the easiest of its hard-rock clichés, most recently with his triple-platinum song from *Robin Hood*, "(Everything I Do) I Do It for You." Adams' first studio LP in four years, the incredibly tuneful *Waking Up the Neighbours*, uses every surefire hit-single

formula known to mankind, but it's so smooth it lacks all personality. And, except on his recent big hit, Adams is startlingly unromantic. He has all the soul of a sentimental green cheese. A typical chorus goes "I'm not guilty, cross my heart"—as if love were a crime, with the lady at fault, of course. He whines at one point, "Do I have to tell the truth?" And on the worst offender, "Hey Honey, I'm Packin' You In," he complains about every single aspect of his live-in love, including her cooking—and then blames her for his having gained weight. What a creep! **B-** —Gina Arnold

SOUNDGARDEN *Badmotorfinger* (A&M; ☎ 70)

Unlike its heavy-metal forebears, whose clearly utilitarian function in the rock & roll schema is to cause serious headbanging upon contact with the adolescent psyche, Seattle's Soundgarden can make a teen momentarily sit still in wonder. A typical melody consists of one long elegant guitar note that swoops slowly up and down the chromatic scale, as fluid as the new model android in *Terminator 2*. On songs like the cynical "Jesus Christ Pose" and "Slaves and Bulldozers," Soundgarden sound a hell of a lot smarter than their peers, who seldom



TOURIST CLASSLESS: Funk-rockers Red Hot Chili Peppers dress for excess

get beyond extolling booze, girls, and cars. As on 1989's *Louder Than Love*, singer Chris Cornell's intense, wailing voice is laid over the kind of sticky-slow bottom that only suburban white boys can really get right. But the final effect is merely stylishly bombastic rather than bludgeoningly bombastic. Tuneless heavy metal is, after

all, still tuneless heavy metal, and in that department, Soundgarden are as functional as they make 'em. **B+** —GA

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS *Blood Sugar Sex*

Magik (Warner Bros.; ☎ 71) L.A.'s Red Hot Chili Peppers are a nuclear-strength novelty band, funk division. At their best, live on

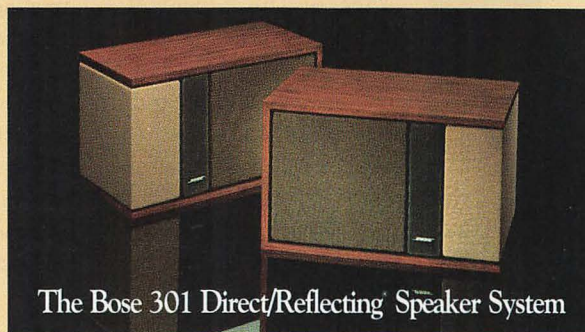
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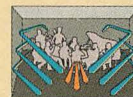
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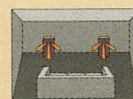
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this ad to a participating Bose dealer and compare the 301 Direct/Reflecting® speaker system to any other bookshelf speakers,

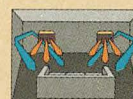
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'THE DEATH OF KLINGHOFFER'

Terrorism and Tragic Opera

OPERA'S CONTEMPORARY revolutionaries have done it again. The trio that brought grand opera into our own time with 1987's *Nixon in China*—John Adams (music), Alice Goodman (words), and Peter Sellars (stage wizardry)—has proven again that successful opera doesn't have to be about Nordic gods and betrayed druids. *The Death of Klinghoffer* arrived in the U.S. earlier this month at the Brooklyn Academy of Music after having premiered last March in Brussels (the Nonesuch recording will be released early next year). It shares the diabolical creativity of *Nixon*; but while the adventures of Dick and Pat in Mao-land rolled along like a cartoon newsreel, Goodman's text here, centering on the 1985 hijacking of the cruise vessel *Achille Lauro* and the murder of Leon Klinghoffer, aged and in a wheelchair, surrounds that split-second catastrophe with actionless meditation and soul-searching. It's a distillation of hostilities, shared by Jew and Arab alike, that reach back to biblical times.

Words, not swords, clash in *Klinghoffer*. Even the murder happens offstage, signaled by an ominous roll of drums that breaks in upon wife Marilyn Klinghoffer's nattering, self-indulgent monologue. A later, shattering moment takes place in near silence, as the body of the slain Klinghoffer descends on a wire, slowly turning, from the top of the enormous erector set that designer George Tsypin built to represent the *Achille Lauro*.

And the music? Tarred early on as a minimalist, the 44-year-old Adams long ago shook loose from the chug-chugging patterning of that obsessive style in favor of dozens of user-friendly musics that merge in entirely original ways. Early in *Klinghoffer*, Adams bathes the stage in the warm goo of a New Age rip-off; this becomes a launching pad into the whizzing, abrasive violence of the terrorist scenes, the toneless apathy in Marilyn Klinghoffer's accents, and the quiet lyricism as the *Lauro*'s captain vainly gropes for words of solace.

The performing forces constitute a staunch repertory unit. Conductor Kent Nagano led a *Nixon* revival last year in L.A. (where, along with San Francisco, *Klinghoffer* will tour). The splendid baritone from *Nixon*, James Maddalena (Nixon) and

Sanford Sylvan (Chou En-lai), are compelling again as the Captain and Klinghoffer. Eugene Perry, Don Giovanni in a Sellars video, is the terrorist leader; his every phrase a dagger thrust. Contralto Sheila Nadler, new to the company, is Marilyn, who chills us with her final "I wanted to die," which, like her husband's ravaged body a few moments earlier, hangs suspended in silence. —Alan Rich



ON THE BRINK:
The Klinghoffers
(James Maddalena and
Sheila Nadler)

MARTHA SVOPE

a stage, they're fast, funny, loud, and unrelenting, as well-named a group as you can imagine. (They've been known to play shows wearing only socks—and not, ahem, on their feet.) Unfortunately, this sort of stuff, even at its best, doesn't translate well to record. There's no way to convey aurally how preternaturally bouncy bassist Flea and mischievous singer Anthony Kiedis attack a song. *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* has the band opting for a little seriousness; the ballad "Breaking the Girl" sounds somewhat disapproving of the band's usual Red Hot antics and "Under the Bridge" has fancy-shmancy touches. Elsewhere, the band members are their usual fast, funny, loud, and unrelenting selves. **B-** —BW

CHRIS WHITLEY *Living With the Law* (Columbia; ☎ 72) Dubbed a "new troubadour" by hook-hungry journalists, 30-year-old singer-songwriter-guitarist Whitley would have trouble wandering around the woods playing this music by himself. As gorgeous a listen as *Living With the Law* may be, Malcolm Burn's ethereal production and mix sometimes obscure Whitley's very obvious talent for crafting heartfelt, believable blues songs and become the show itself. Little wonder: Burn recorded this album in a New Orleans studio, where he recently mixed similarly—a bit *too* similarly—atmospheric albums by the Neville Brothers and Bob Dylan. The overall effect is at times disarming, but mostly it's distracting; Whitley would've been better off establishing his own musical persona. As it is, Whitley's voice sounds like Leon Russell's, his stinging guitar lead on "Dust Radio" sounds like Neil Young's, and his new album sounds like his producer got carried away. If there's a major new artist in here, as some contend, why not give him a guitar and just let him play? **B+** —Dave DiMartino

REISSUE

EURHYTHMICS *Greatest Hits* (Arista; ☎ 73) As one of the first groups to find stardom in MTV's looking glass, the Eurythmics paired up an eclectic procession of musical and video personae that helped define contemporary multimedia success. It's almost unfair to consider these facile manipulators of audiovisual technology from a strictly musical perspective, but their songs do keep playing when the TV set is off—proof that solid artistic virtue is more than a mar-



THE EYES HAVE IT: Eurythmics Lennox and Stewart look back on *Greatest Hits*

keting gimmick. With a few regrettable omissions ("Right by Your Side," "Sexcrime," and the entire first album, *In the Garden*, as yet unreleased in the U.S.), this collection of 14 best-selling singles follows Annie Lennox and David Stewart from the self-conscious '50s swing of "Thorn in My Side" and the chilly synth-rock of "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)" to the hard-charging horn soul of "Would I Lie to You?" and the bouncy pop of "When Tomorrow Comes." Although the duo's material has turned glib of late, her extraordinary voice and his suave music make even the lesser efforts here hard to resist. **B+** —Ira Robbins

Country

CONWAY TWITTY *Even Now* (MCA; ♫ 74) Thirty-four years after his first big record, "It's Only Make Believe," Conway Twitty continues to churn out respectable albums and garner hits. How he manages to stave off his competition comes down to two factors: Twitty knows his audience—mostly older women now—and he knows that it's the song, not the singer, that matters. He includes two old-style country tunes here, the three-hankie "Life's Too Short (No Matter How Long It Lasts)," which sentimentally chronicles the death of dear old Grandpa, and "Who Did They Think He Was," a melodramatic ditty about hero worship that manages to link Elvis, John F. Kennedy, and

Jesus. On the whole, though, this is a radio-ready collection of winsome love ballads and snappy rhythm tunes like "She's Got a Man on Her Mind," which perfectly evokes the adrenaline rush of falling in love. Twitty has lost a lot of his sense of adventure through the years, but as this album proves, his intuition for the trailer-park set is still right on the money. **B-** —Alanna Nash

ETCETERA: Country music's growing popularity is creating opportunities for songwriters to make names for themselves as singers. **HAL KETCHUM** looks to be one of the few writers out of the Texas school to mesh musical storytelling with commercial country-radio success. Literate and tuneful, *Past the Point of Rescue* (Curb; ♫ 75) balances poetic love songs with a squint-eyed look at teenage rebellion, romance, and psychological intrigue, all delivered with a tenor that throbs with passion and conviction. **A-**... Best known as a writer of hits for a variety of country stars, including George Strait and Tanya Tucker, **DEAN DILLON** proves himself an able vocalist in the Merle Haggard mode on *Out of Your Ever Lovin' Mind* (Atlantic; ♫ 76). Unlike most of today's neo-traditionalists, Dillon isn't afraid to talk about getting tight and getting lucky at the neighborhood bar. "Her Thinkin' I'm Doing Her Wrong (Ain't Doin' Me Right)" melds these honky-tonk themes into a memorable piece of blue-collar angst. **B** —AN

THE CHARTS

Tip of the Hat

IT'S AN OLD STORY by now: Another album debuts at No. 1. This time it's Garth Brooks' newest, *Ropin' the Wind*, 2 million copies of which were shipped to record stores even before its release. Such success for a country "hat act" shows country music moving strongly into the pop mainstream. Still, No. 1 debuts have become a way of life on today's charts. The No. 2 and No. 3 artists this week, Metallica and Natalie Cole, both debuted at No. 1.

LAST WEEK POP ALBUMS

WEEKS ON CHART

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | — | GARTH BROOKS (♫ 96).....1 |
| | | <i>Ropin' the Wind</i> , Capitol Nashville |
| 2 | 1 | METALLICA (♫ 97).....5 |
| | | <i>Metallica</i> , Elektra |
| 3 | 2 | NATALIE COLE (♫ 98).....14 |
| | | <i>Unforgettable</i> , Elektra |
| 4 | 5 | COLOR ME BADD (♫ 99).....8 |
| | | <i>C.M.B.</i> , Giant/Reprise |
| 5 | 4 | BONNIE RAITT (♫ 100).....12 |
| | | <i>Luck of the Draw</i> , Capitol |
| 6 | 6 | BOYZ II MEN (♫ 101).....18 |
| | | <i>Cooleyhighharmony</i> , Motown |
| 7 | 10 | G+C MUSIC FACTORY (♫ 102).....38 |
| | | <i>Gonna Make You Sweat</i> , Columbia |
| 8 | 9 | MICHAEL BOLTON (♫ 103).....21 |
| | | <i>Time, Love and Tenderness</i> , Columbia |
| 9 | 11 | R.E.M. (♫ 104).....27 |
| | | <i>Out of Time</i> , Warner Bros. |
| 10 | 3 | RUSH (♫ 105).....2 |
| | | <i>Roll the Bones</i> , Atlantic |

CLASSICAL ALBUMS

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | 1 | CARRERAS, DOMINGO, PAVAROTTI (MEHTA) (♫ 106).....53 |
| | | <i>In Concert</i> , London |
| 2 | 2 | HADLEY, ANDERSON, GREEN, LUDWIG (BERNSTEIN) (♫ 107).....5 |
| | | <i>Bernstein: Candide</i> , DG |
| 3 | 5 | CHICAGO SYMPHONY (BARENBOIM) (♫ 108).....17 |
| | | <i>Corigliano, Symphony No. 1</i> , Erato |
| 4 | 3 | KRONOS QUARTET (♫ 109).....33 |
| | | <i>Piazzolla: Five Tango Sensations</i> , Nonesuch |
| 5 | 4 | VLADIMIR HOROWITZ (♫ 110).....73 |
| | | <i>Horowitz: The Last Recording</i> , Sony Classical |
| 6 | 8 | CARRERAS, DOMINGO, PAVAROTTI (♫ 111).....9 |
| | | <i>Favorite Arias by the World's Favorite Tenors</i> , Sony Classical |
| 7 | 9 | DAWN UPSHAW (♫ 112).....5 |
| | | <i>The Girl With Orange Lips</i> , Nonesuch |
| 8 | 6 | DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY (♫ 113).....17 |
| | | <i>Russian Romances</i> , Phillips |
| 9 | 7 | MIDORI (♫ 114).....19 |
| | | <i>Midori: Live at Carnegie Hall</i> , Sony Classical |
| 10 | 13 | KEITH JARRETT, MICHALA PETRI (♫ 115).....11 |
| | | <i>Handel: Sonatas</i> , RCA |

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Tapped Out

Vintage song-and-dance movies are staples of the video best-seller charts. But a new cassette series proves that not every musical is something to sing about. **BY TY BURR**

WHY DO WE still respond to the great Hollywood musicals? There they are, wedged between the kidvids and workout tapes in the video best-seller lists every week. Is it because they give grace to our clumsy lives, letting us briefly believe

in a world where spontaneous song and dance is natural? Or is it something more mundane, like the simple brand-name recognition of musicals like *Okla-homa!* and *The Sound of Music*?

The release this week of FoxVideo's **GREAT AMERICAN MUSICAL COLLECTION** (including four new-to-video releases: **SUN VALLEY SERENADE**, 1941, B&W; **OR-**

CHESTRA WIVES, 1942, B&W; **STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER**, 1952; and **DADDY LONG LEGS**, 1955) raises these and a few other questions. Marketed specifically to encourage video collecting (except for a few \$29.98 double-cassette titles, the tapes retail for \$19.98 each; buy two and you get a \$5 rebate in the bargain), this gaggle of 19 musicals, 15 of them previ-

RETREAD ASTAIRE:
Fred goes through the
motions with Leslie Caron
in *Daddy Long Legs*



KOBAL COLLECTION

ously available on tape, delivers the legacy of 20th Century Fox more squarely than it might care to admit. Every subtype of the genre is here—and precious few of the best.

At its most sublime—Busby Berkeley at Warner Brothers and Astaire and Rogers at RKO in the '30s, the Arthur Freed unit at MGM that crested with 1952's *Singin' in the Rain*—the American movie musical was a homegrown art form as original and potent as jazz. Darryl F. Zanuck's 20th Century Fox never scaled such artistic heights, though; the studio preferred to crank out pleasantly mediocre variations on the song-and-dance backstage, with Alice Faye or Betty Grable being wooed by Tyrone Power or Don Ameche. Fox's musicals weren't as chic as RKO's, as in-

novative as MGM's, nor as energetic as Warner Brothers'. More often, they were wholesome, tuneful, and mile-high in the type of corn that paid the bills back then but that plays poorly to cynical modern audiences.

The better of the already released titles in the Great American Musical Collection only confirm that Fox was rarely able to get it right. Some were produced by independents or other studios, with Fox later picking up the video rights: *Guys and Dolls* (1955), with its great Frank Loesser songs, was made by Samuel Goldwyn Productions, while *My Fair Lady* (1964) was from Warner Brothers. Others were made when the Fox studio's power was on the wane: Rodgers and Hammerstein exerted total control over the films of *Oklahoma!* (1955), *The King and I* (1956), *Carousel* (1956), and *South Pacific* (1958), while *Hello, Dolly!* (1969) owes its bullying charisma to Barbra Streisand.

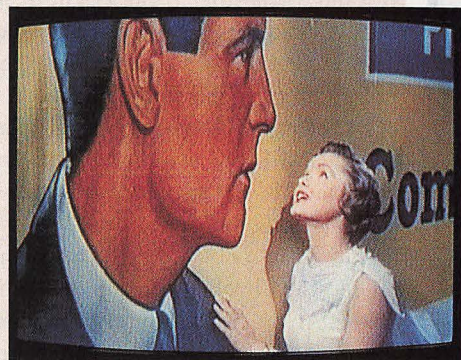
The best of the studio's own fare, on the other hand, shows a fundamental lack of imagination that's truly odd in such a fantastic genre. Dull logic rules: No one impulsively bursts into song in a Fox musical, because every production number is placed in the context of a show-within-the-film. *There's No Business Like Show Business* (1954) is the Fox backstage par excellence, with what seems like the entire Irving Berlin catalog shoehorned into silly hokum about a vaudeville family. Even the occasional attempt to do something different is halfhearted: The all-black *Stormy Weather* (1943) rounds up many notable entertainers of the day—Lena Horne, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway—only to stick them with an insultingly patchy plot.

The four new-to-tape musicals are typical of Fox's cheery blandness. *Sun Valley Serenade* has impressive skiing footage, the incredible proto-breakdancing of the Nicholas Brothers, a Dorothy Dandridge cameo, and the Glenn Miller band introducing "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." Unfortunately, it also has Sonja Henie, former Olympic skater and one of the studio's biggest money-makers at the time. Popular as this tiny dynamo on blades was, she's impossible to take now—a grinning, dimpled horror you'll want to boot into

MUSICAL OUTTAKES

Odd Numbers

NO STUDIO CRAMMED more production numbers into its musicals than MGM, or more readily cut sequences that slowed a movie's pace. As a result, MGM vaults house some 75 deleted scenes. Two outtakes appeared last year on cassettes of *The Wizard of Oz* ("The Jitterbug," with Judy Garland) and *Meet Me in St. Louis* (Garland singing "Boys and Girls Like You and Me"), while others grace laserdiscs of *Singin' in the Rain* (Debbie Reynolds' "You Are My Lucky Star"), *The Band Wagon*, and *Bells Are Ringing*. "I've been sparing in my use of them," says MGM/UA



DONALD HOLWAY

REYNOLDS RAP: Her "Star" is reborn

Home Video's George Feltenstein, "because we're working on a project to showcase all this material with the editors of *That's Entertainment*." A new compilation—call it *That Coulda Been Entertainment*—would probably include:

- ◆ Frank Sinatra and Betty Garrett crooning "Boys and Girls..." (*Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, 1949)
- ◆ Garland leading a "March of the Doagies" (*The Harvey Girls*, 1946)
- ◆ Michael Kidd dancing "Jack and the Space Giants" for three kids (*It's Always Fair Weather*, 1955)
- ◆ Garland's "Mister Monotony" (*Easter Parade*, 1948) and "I'm an Indian Too" (*Annie Get Your Gun*, 1950; staged by Busby Berkeley before Betty Hutton replaced Garland).

—Steve Daly

the nearest snow bank. By asking us to swallow the idea that twinkly Sonja could lure John Payne away from lovely Lynn Bari, the story practically invites snorts of disbelief. *Orchestra Wives* repeats the formula with more Glenn Miller and no Henie: It's a big improvement. In fact, *Wives* is best when it ignores the nominal romantic plot and just lets Miller's band bear down on hard-driving tunes like "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo."

Stars and Stripes Forever represents a different musical subgenre favored by Fox: the fluffy biopic, in which a performer's life story is the peg for a group of barely related production numbers. *Stars* gives us the smoothed-over saga of "March King" John Philip Sousa, played with crisp bemusement by Clifton Webb. Even if you're not a brass-band fanatic, the movie is pleasant, and wittier than it has a right to be. But *Stars* suffers greatly, devoting half its running time to a romance between Robert Wagner and Debra Paget.

By the mid-'50s, the only original film musicals with any box office oomph left were the MGM/Freed extravaganzas, and *Daddy Long Legs* is a pale, dutiful imitation thereof—down to borrowing MGM stars Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron. An oft-filmed story (there were three earlier versions if you count Shirley Temple's *Curly Top*) about a rich playboy who falls for the girl he anonymously sends to college, *Daddy* gets the full treatment: wide-screen (cropped for this tape release), Technicolor, even a dream ballet Xeroxed from *An American in Paris*.

All of it goes for naught. Astaire and Caron click playfully in their dances together, but the rest is a listless parade of plot twists that have worked better elsewhere. One moment stands out: when Astaire slides into Johnny Mercer's wonderful, Oscar-nominated "Something's Gotta Give." Here at last you glimpse the beautiful, easy elation of mood—the world made perfect—that other studios put into their musicals as a matter of course. Somehow, in 25 years of trying, 20th Century Fox never figured out how to sustain that moment for an entire film. *Sun Valley Serenade*: **C-** *Orchestra Wives*: **B** *Stars and Stripes Forever*: **B-** *Daddy Long Legs*: **B**

WILD CHILD:
Morrison and his
legend flare up on
video 20 years later



Unhinged

THE DOORS

Val Kilmer, Kyle MacLachlan

(1991, LIVE, \$92.95, R)

THE DOORS: THE SOFT PARADE

The Doors

(1991, MCA/Universal, \$19.95)

LOVE LION

Ray Manzarek, Michael McClure

(1991, Mystic Fire, 800-727-8433, \$19.95)

THERE'S SOMETHING puzzling and depressing about the fact that, 20 years after Jim Morrison punched the ticket, his dopey baritone doom-mongering still exerts a powerful grip on adolescents of all ages. I mean, doesn't the phrase *get a life* have some relevance here? Still, because the Doors did have their moments of glory, so too do these three new videos.

Oliver Stone's overhyped biopic wasn't the theatrical hit it was supposed to be, probably because it captures the shallowness of Morrison's posturing a little too accurately. The director's shrill filmmaking style loses much of its hyperactive visual quality on the small screen, making the dra-

matic flaws glaring (the plot stalls after an hour in an endless series of oh-wow concert tableaux). Still, Val Kilmer gets every nuance of Morrison's physicality right, and Crispin Glover's brief performance as Andy Warhol is wickedly funny.

The Soft Parade, a sort-of documentary put together from the apparently bottomless store of Doors archival vault material and directed by keyboardist Ray Manzarek, is actually a pretty fascinating package, including as it does a complete cinema vérité filming of the recording session for "Wild Child" and a 1969 PBS interview in which Morrison comes off as far more articulate and funny than he's portrayed in Stone's film. Last and definitely least is *Love Lion*, a poetry-with-music collaboration between Manzarek and beatnik playwright Michael McClure. Granted, it's fun to see Manzarek returning to his early-'60s-coffeehouse roots, but here his keyboard work verges on Vince Guaraldi territory (you keep expecting him to break into "Snoopy's Theme"). As for McClure...well, he's no Jim Morrison. *The Doors*: **B** *The Soft Parade*: **B+** *Love Lion*: **B-** —Steve Simels



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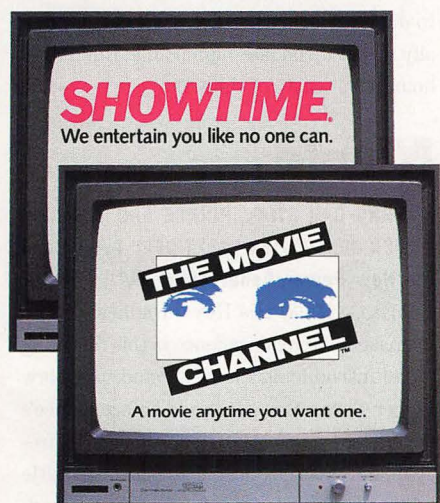
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- 4) Allow 4-6 weeks to receive rebate checks.

IN SHORT

Movies

CYRANO DE BERGERAC Gérard Depardieu, Anne Brochet (1990, Orion, \$89.98, PG) In this latest retelling of Edmond Rostand's 1897 story of unrequited love, courtiers fawn, ladies faint, musketeers cross swords, and 17th-century France comes ravishingly alive. Cyrano (Gérard Depardieu), whose soul matches his outsize nose, writes poetic love letters to Roxane (Anne Brochet), who thinks they're from a young, handsome suitor and barely acknowledges Cyrano's existence. Seldom has the line between noblesse oblige and masochism been walked so treacherously yet dexterously.

But viewers might find themselves disappointed by the use of Rostand's verse, translated into high-flown English subtitles by Anthony Burgess. The other surprise, and not a happy one, is Depardieu, who turns in a curiously remote and humorless performance as the big-hearted Cyrano. It is deeply ironic that one comes away impressed with how handsome the production is, yet with so little sense of the tortured courtier's soul. For passion and wit, rent Steve Martin's modern adaptation of this story, *Roxanne*. **B-** —Lawrence O'Toole

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE Chevy Chase, Dan Aykroyd (1991, Warner, \$92.99, PG-13) Given their cinematic track records, it's hardly shocking that Chevy Chase and Dan



GIANT MISSTEP:
Demi Moore shrugs off
Nothing But Trouble

Aykroyd have teamed for another unfunny comedy. This time they've dragged John Candy and Demi Moore down with them. Though Aykroyd is credited as writer-director, this misadventure plays as if the actors are making it up as they go along.

Chase and Moore play Manhattanites who wander off the New Jersey Turnpike and skid into a *Beetlejuice*-inspired back-road town. Convicted of running a stop sign, they're sentenced to a fun-house nightmare that all too soon bogs down in gross makeup and special effects. Attempting to enliven things, Aykroyd and Candy appear in cartoonish dual roles and between them generate approximately four

laughs. Chase adds maybe two. In movie-ticket terms, that's less than one laugh per dollar; as a video rental, it's a slightly better deal. **C-**

—Michael Sauter

MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH Frank Stallone, Brenda Vaccaro (1991, RCA/Columbia, \$79.95, R) Many a movie has trivialized the tales of Edgar Allan Poe, but few have dipped as low as this theatrically unreleased quickie, which updates and distorts Poe's gothic study in dread and leaves it looking like a standard slasher flick. The cast is led by Stallone—Frank, of course—and Brenda Vaccaro, who play guests at a lavish costume party in a Bavarian castle. One by one, revelers are murdered by a red-masked avenger according to their line of work: A hack journalist is given a "hatchet job," a costume designer is literally sewn to death. This is the kind of junk that usually shows up on late-night cable. But at any hour, it's a waste of time. **D**

—MS

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how movie critics rated some recent video releases and top rentals in their theatrical runs.

	RICHARD SCHICKEL <i>Time</i>	MIKE CLARK <i>USA Today</i>	GEORGIA BROWN <i>The Village Voice</i>	STEPHEN SCHIFF <i>Variety</i>	GENE SISKEL <i>Siskel & Ebert</i>	ROGER EBERT <i>Siskel & Ebert</i>	OWEN GLEIBERMAN <i>Entertainment Weekly</i>	AVG.
AWAKENINGS	C+	B	C+	C+	B	A	B	B
CYRANO DE BERGERAC	A-	B+	C+	—	B	—	B-	B
DANCES WITH WOLVES	C+	B	A-	C+	B+	A+	C	B
THE DOORS	—	A-	C	—	B+	C+	B	B
HE SAID, SHE SAID	—	C-	C+	—	C	C-	C-	C-
HOME ALONE	B	C-	B	C-	C	C+	D	C
L.A. STORY	B+	C+	B	B+	C	A	B	B
MISERY	B	B	C+	C+	B	B	B+	B
NOT WITHOUT MY DAUGHTER	C	C-	F	D	B	B	F	C-
SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY	C-	D	B-	D	C	D+	C+	C-

Music

NOTHING CAN STOP...PRINCE AND THE NEW POWER GENERATION "GETT OFF" Prince and the New Power Generation (1991, Warner Reprise, \$14.98) His Royal Badness' latest exercise in kinky decadence is this five-song video introducing his new band, the New Power Generation. Released before Prince's upcoming CD, *Gett Off* opens with a "European, uncensored" dramatization of the title track: an audition-orgy of exotically clad bodies gyrating before stoked fires as Prince

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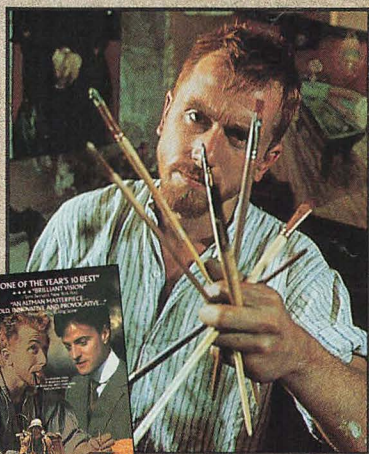
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and Obsession!

Vincent & Theo

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THE BELLY OF AN ARCHITECT



Coming Oct 16

Rated PG13

- ★ "ONE OF THE YEAR'S 10 BEST"
- ★ "TWO THUMBS UP"
- Siskel & Ebert
- ★ "AN ALTMAN MASTERPIECE"
- Peter Travers, Rolling Stone

Famed director ROBERT ALTMAN paints a provocative portrait of the tragic life of artist Vincent van Gogh (TIM ROTH) and his obsessively dedicated brother Theo (PAUL RHYS).



Coming Oct 30

Rated PG13

- ★ "A TERRIFIC MOVIE"
- Liz Smith, New York Newsday
- ★ "SPIRITED, PLAYFUL, OUTRAGEOUS"
- New York Times

Brazenly forward writer George Sand (JUDY DAVIS) and frail romantic composer Frederic Chopin (HUGH GRANT) combine with an all-star cast in this romantic comedy hit of historic proportions. Also starring MANDY PATINKIN, BERNADETTE PETERS and JULIAN SANDS.



Coming Nov 13

Rated R

- ★ "LUSTY, VIBRANT... A BRAWLING ONE-MAN SHOW."
- Rex Reed, New York Observer
- ★ "EXTRAORDINARY"
- Janet Maslin, New York Times

BRIAN DENNEHY gives the performance of a lifetime as an architect whose obsession for his work leads to his ultimate destruction. Directed by controversial film maker PETER GREENAWAY ("The Cook, The Thief, His Wife And Her Lover").

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VIDEO GAMES

What's So Super?

Nintendo's second-generation games don't all live up to their billing. **BY BOB STRAUSS**

CHRISTMAS 1991. Lines stretch for miles outside stores stocking the \$200 Super Nintendo Entertainment System. Riots presage the release of *Zelda III*. A \$60 million movie adaptation of *Super Mario Bros.* is in the works, starring Bruce Willis as Luigi.

In your dreams, Nintendo. If the giant Japanese video-game maker expects its new 16-bit Super NES to create the same fire storm as the 8-bit NES did in the late '80s,



SHELL GAME: Super Mario dodges a bullet in his World

the company seems to be in for a zonk. More bits (i.e., greater speed and capacity for the unit's central processing chip) mean more detailed graphics, better sound, and more intricate game play, but with most of this new generation of games the advances are merely impressive, not spectacular. Archrival Sega has a two-year head start with its 16-bit Genesis, and the game that comes with Nintendo's system, *Super Mario World*, will inspire admiration, though probably not awe (see below). Here's a sampling of software currently available for the new, improved Nintendo (none of which is compatible with your old, quaint Nintendo).

SUPER MARIO WORLD (*Nintendo of America*) Included with the Super NES system, this fourth installment in the *Super Mario* series (the fifth if you count *Super Mario Land* for the Game Boy system) gives you the feeling that Nintendo is beating a dead Koopa. Mario bops his enemies, eats power mushrooms, crawls in and out of drainpipes...all the things he's been doing for the past five years, and in settings not remarkably advanced, graphically, from those of previous eight-bit games. *Super Mario World* amounts to advertising, a vehicle intended to show off

the capabilities of the Super NES as well as goad brand-conscious kids into buying the system in the first place. **B**

U.N. SQUADRON (*Capcom USA*, \$59.95) U.N. Squadron is the kind of game cynical journalists had in mind when they derided the gulf conflict as the "Nintendo war." Set in the desert kingdom of "Aslan," it has players flying punitive strikes against air, sea, and ground military targets. The combat scenes are dizzying, the explosions crisp, and the sound effects awesome. In short, U.N. Squadron is a Pentagon planner's fantasy: a high-tech, low-casualty aerial assault that's over as soon as you turn off your TV set. **A**

GRADIUS III (*Konami*, \$49.95) This is a standard space shooting game that doesn't seem to take full advantage of Super NES' 16-bit capabilities and that repeats, practically pixel for pixel, some scenarios from the previous, 8-bit *Gradius*. Sure, *Gradius III* is competent—you'd expect nothing less from Konami—but if I'm going to plunk down 50 bucks for a 16-bit game to play on my new \$200 system, I want to be the one who's blown away. **C**

F-ZERO (*Nintendo of America*, \$49.95) This hovercraft racing game plays like an exhilarating cross between the *Indy 500* and the *Star Gate* sequence in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. It has everything aficionados could want: twisty, neon-lit tracks, you-are-there sound effects, and streamlined, brightly colored speed machines in place of boring old cars. Well, *almost* everything. The vertigo-inducing graphics and feather-touch play control apparently didn't leave enough memory to allow two-player, head-to-head competition. **A-**



SPEED DEMONS: F-Zero roadsters

SIM CITY (*Nintendo of America*, \$49.95) The perfect gift for big-city mayors presiding over crumbling infrastructures, *Sim City* lets you construct your own metropolis from scratch, a task that entails everything from zoning commercial districts to laying down power lines to funding mass-transit systems. Like many municipalities, the game can get a bit complex, but in a crisis (plunging opinion polls, incipient tax revolts, enormous lizards ravaging downtown) you can count on a nerdy bureaucrat to pop up on-screen and offer some helpful advice. **B+**



LINGERIE LIZARD: *Nothing Can Stop Prince*

toys with two Audrey Hepburn look-alikes. Other sequences feature girls being led around blindfolded and a prison cell inhabited by women in black lingerie. Through all this, our hero leers, assumes stylish guises, and sings the praises of casual encounters and ladies' underwear. The music, sinuous and pulsating, is too rhythmically monotonous to trigger any real sparks. And while *Gett Off* is full of engaging sensory stimuli, Prince's inventive spirit has been more evident in the past. **B-** —Elysa Gardner

Documentary

SUPERSTAR (1991, LIVE/Vestron, \$89.95, unrated) This documentary about the ever visible yet elusive Andy Warhol is an entertaining portrait of the artist as a popster. Writer-producer-director Chuck Workman (*Stoogemania*) steers swiftly from Warhol's humble beginnings in Pittsburgh to the sex, drugs, and rock & roll years at the painter-filmmaker's Factory to his superstardom, a status gained through his gloriously banal paintings of soup cans and luminaries and through artful self-promotion. The commentary, from celebs and onetime celebs (Grace Jones, Viva) and writers (Hilton Kramer, Tom Wolfe), is mostly savvy, while interviews with Warhol, blank and unblinking as a reptile, evoke mumbled monosyllabic responses: "Is there anything special you're trying to say in these films?" "Uh, no." Called a "highly intelligent blotter" by one curator, Warhol, who died in 1987 at age 58, had a chameleonlike ability to move with the times. That talent has made his art—and this documentary—a picture of ourselves. **A-** —Peter Kobel

Exercise

QUICK CALLANETICS: LEGS; STOMACH; HIPS & BEHIND (Three separate videos; 1991, MCA/Universal, \$14.95 each) Callan Pinckney has the quick solution to toning up our mushy stomachs, legs, hips, and behinds within the confines of our rushed, over-extended lives. These three 20-minute tapes incorporate gentle, precise, deep-muscle movements (no jerking, bouncing, or forcing) that look simple but are sometimes agonizingly tough. To her credit, Callan begins and ends with relaxing stretches, provides clear instructions (including how to protect the back, plus specific precautions for sciatica sufferers), and stresses taking breaks. It's debatable whether you'll end up with a firm peach of a behind or the taut legs of a teen, but you can bet there will be an improvement relative to the small investment of time. **A-** —Dotti Keagy

Laserdisc

SUMMER AND SMOKE Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey (1962, Paramount, \$39.95, unrated, digital sound) **THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED** Natalie Wood, Robert Redford (1966, Paramount, \$34.95, unrated, digital sound) It's a shame that post-'50s Tennessee Williams film adaptations depended so often on the kindness of strangers. *Summer and Smoke* has a screenplay by James Poe and Meade Roberts, in whose hands Williams' uneven, delicate portrait of an aging spinster (Geraldine Page) becomes absurdly inflated melodrama. It doesn't help that Laurence Harvey, as the object of Page's frustrated affections, looks so disconnected he drains all motivational logic from her performance—a problem magnified by this letterboxed disc, which repeatedly shows Harvey and Page at opposite ends of a wide-screen image.

The script for *This Property Is Condemned* was "suggested" by a Williams one-act and cowritten by Francis Coppola. Natalie Wood, achingly expressive as a rooming-house flirt pushed into virtual whoredom by her mother, makes a fine Blanche DuBois clone. But if you really want to see Williams articulate the link between spurned love and promiscuity, get *A Streetcar Named Desire*. *Summer: C-* *Property: C+* —SD

TOP TAPES

Solid 'Citizen'

THE GREATEST sleeper ever sold, Orson Welles' masterpiece *Citizen Kane* is finally a top-of-the-chart hit, 50 years after the lukewarm box office of its original theatrical release. Despite a botched video transfer that diminishes its picture quality, Turner's anniversary edition of *Kane* climbs to the No. 2 spot on the sales chart.

On the rental chart, meanwhile, *Home Alone* and *Dances With Wolves* continue their dual domination. But off the top 10, down at No. 25, there's something most unusual: the sexy French thriller *La Femme Nikita*, with the strongest showing by a foreign film since *Cinema Paradiso* (which had an Oscar to help it out).

LAST WEEK	RENTALS	WEEKS IN RELEASE
1 2	DANCES WITH WOLVES 2 Kevin Costner (Orion)	
2 1	HOME ALONE 3 Macaulay Culkin (FoxVideo)	
3 7	HE SAID, SHE SAID 5 Elizabeth Perkins (Paramount)	
4 3	AWAKENINGS 5 Robin Williams (RCA/Columbia)	
5 5	MISERY 9 James Caan, Kathy Bates (New Line)	
6 13	TRUE COLORS 3 John Cusack (Paramount)	
7 -	THE HARD WAY— Michael J. Fox (MCA/Universal)	
8 6	L.A. STORY 8 Steve Martin (LIVE)	
9 4	NOT WITHOUT MY DAUGHTER 9 Sally Field, Alfred Molina (MGM/UA)	
10 8	SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY 7 Julia Roberts (FoxVideo)	

SALES

1 1	HOME ALONE 3 Macaulay Culkin (FoxVideo, \$24.98)
2 6	CITIZEN KANE: 50TH ANNIVERSARY 2 Orson Welles (Turner, \$19.98)
3 5	THE TERMINATOR 11 A. Schwarzenegger (Hemdale, \$14.95)
4 4	TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES II: THE SECRET OF THE OOZE 6 Paige Turco (New Line, \$22.95)
5 2	ROBIN HOOD 9 Animated (Disney, \$24.99)
6 7	THE JUNGLE BOOK 19 Animated (Disney, \$24.99)
7 8	THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER 13 Animated (Disney, \$12.99)
8 9	PETE'S DRAGON 19 Mickey Rooney (Disney, \$24.99)
9 3	THE BRAVE LITTLE TOASTER 8 Animated (Disney, \$19.99)
10 11	TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: TURTLES AT THE EARTH'S CORE 6 Animated (FHE, \$15.95)

SOURCE: VIDEO BUSINESS
FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15

Day's Dog

In her popular series of charming picture books about a baby-sitting canine named Carl, Alexandra Day further boosts the good standing of man's best friend. **BY KELLI PRYOR**

IT'S NOT the kind of place you'd expect to find a 50-year-old woman who illustrates children's books and wears her hair swept into a schoolmarmish knot. But here is Alexandra Day, south of the border in a Tijuana, Mexico, jai alai palace.

"We need your picks on this one," her husband, Harold, 58, tells her as he prepares to make a bet. Dressed in a hand-made silk and velveteen ensemble, Day looks more like she's absorbing a sermon at her local Episcopal church back home in San Diego than sizing up fleet

athletes with curved baskets strapped to their arms. Day deduces that players four and five will win. And they do—just about the time a waiter delivers her drink, a sludgy Kahlua concoction known as a Pemex Oil.

Alexandra Day has a knack for surprising juxtapositions. In fact, she's famous for it: She's the creator of a fierce-looking rottweiler named Carl who gently tends an infant in a series of children's books that began in 1985, when Day's family-owned Green Tiger Press published *Good Dog, Carl*. The series,

which features very few words and lots of vivid pictures, has continued with *Carl Goes Shopping* and *Carl's Christmas* and has sold close to 1 million copies. In 1990, *Carl's Christmas* even knocked Judith Krantz out of the No. 4 position on the *New York Times* hardcover best-seller list.

Now comes *Carl's Afternoon in the Park*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux has set a first printing of 400,000 copies of the new pictorial tale of Carl's romp in San Diego's Balboa Park. The publisher also is reissuing two earlier titles, so that by the end of the year there will be a total of 2 million Carl books in print. Columbia Pictures is developing a live-action movie, *Carl's Big Adventure*, produced by Robert Lawrence (*A Kiss Before Dying*) and written by Jim Cox (*The Rescuers Down Under*).

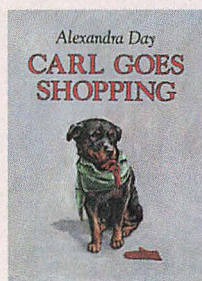
While Carl has been wagging his way onto best-seller lists, the woman who created him has been hiding behind a pseudonym. Alexandra Day is really Sandra Darling—something she didn't tell even the publishers who bought her work (including *Paddy's Day* and *Frank and Ernest*) after Green Tiger Press was sold in 1986. Darling simply pretended to be Day's agent. The pseudonym ploy protected Day from having to squeeze publicity activities into already overstuffed hours.

Day presides over a pinkish, Spanish-style home near Balboa Park that rattles with the comings and goings of the Darlings' seven children, ages 17 to 28. She dotes on her old-fashioned roses, does her share of the family's vegetarian cooking, and sews all her own clothing from vintage patterns. (For many years, she wore nothing but long skirts because she loved the potential of all those yards of fabric.) And now that she has been revealed and has resigned herself to giving interviews, Day simply weaves them into her everyday whirl of writing

BOOK REVIEWS

Good Author, Alexandra

PART OF Alexandra Day's technical brilliance is her ability to keep Carl—the most lovable canine baby-sitter since Nana the Newfoundland in *Peter Pan*—faithfully dog-like. Day convinces us *visually* that Carl can really turn on the stereo, push elevator buttons, and think like a human. Emotionally, these four almost-wordless picture books—celebrations of playful curiosity—ring true. Carl's eyes almost speak, gleaming with excitement, irony, and affection. Day's loving, sharp-eyed observation makes the pictures irresistibly funny.



GOOD DOG, CARL (Simon & Schuster, \$11.95, first published in 1985) is the first book and maybe the best. "Look after the baby, Carl. I'll be back shortly," says Mother. The baby gleefully climbs out of its crib onto Carl's back for a romp through the house, including a slide down the laundry chute. **A+**

In **CARL GOES SHOPPING** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$11.95, 1989), the daring duo indulge in the universal fantasy of having free run of a department store. They spring the pet-shop animals from their cages, dress up, and mug for the closed-circuit TVs. **A+**

In **CARL'S CHRISTMAS** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.95, 1990), Day's pictures capture the good feelings of the holiday: coziness, warmth, generosity, and the excitement of waiting for Santa. **A**

CARL'S AFTERNOON IN THE PARK (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$11.95, 1991), despite touches of sophisticated humor and the addition of a new rottweiler puppy to the cast, somehow lacks the freshness and spontaneity of the other books. Still, it rates a **B+**.

—Michele Landsberg



PAINTER'S PETS:
Alexandra Day at home
in San Diego with
Arambarri, left,
and Sprocket

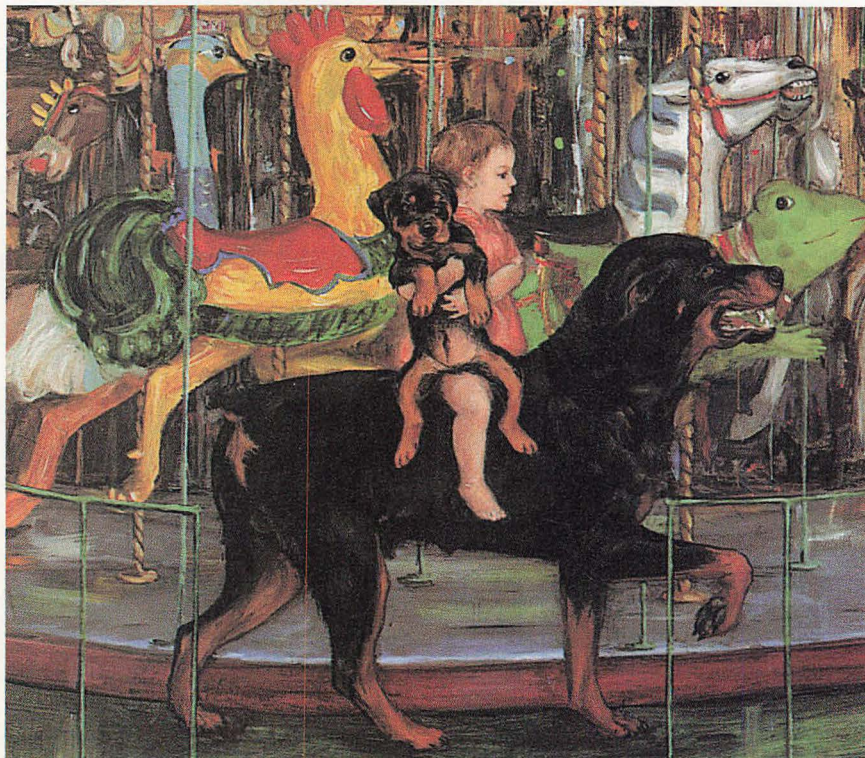
checks for the kids, changing light bulbs, and stepping around the playful tussles of the family dogs—Arambarri, a rottweiler named after a favorite Basque jai alai player, and Sprocket, an Irish terrier.

Day dreamed up Carl from her experiences at home and at work in various family businesses. In 1970, the Darlings, who owned secondhand-book stores in

San Diego, founded Green Tiger Press to publish postcard reproductions of illustrations culled from the antique children's books that the family collects by the thousands. Their design studio, the Blue Lantern, has room after room of prized volumes by Arthur Rackham, Lothar Meggendorfer, and L. Frank Baum. "When it comes to children's

books," Harold Darling says, "the bulk of excellence lies in the past."

The Darlings put that excellence to work for them. In 1972, Green Tiger published its first book, *All Mirrors Are Magic Mirrors*, a rumination on children's literature written by Harold and illustrated with antique drawings. It sold 50,000 copies by mail order, and the



CARL IN CHARGE: The devoted rottweiler entertains his baby pal and a puppy in *Afternoon*

Darlings knew they had to expand. Their staff eventually grew to 35 people, including their kids, and Green Tiger even started publishing books by such contemporary artists as Cooper Edens (*Helping the Flowers*). Day, whose grandfather, father, and uncle were painters, took inspiration from her favorite old-world artists and began illustrating books of her own.

To find antique-book treasures, the entire family has repeatedly traipsed across Europe. "I remember traveling with whole suitcases full of Pampers," Day recalls of those forays. It was on one such trip to Zurich in 1984 that the Darlings chanced upon an 1860s German broadsheet titled *Der Brave Karo*, about a cartoon canine that charmingly cares for a baby whose mother had stepped out on an errand. Later, Day remembered the helpful poodle-type pooch but misremembered his name as Carl. Which is why she didn't create a book called *Good Dog, Karo*.

For Day, there was only one woofers with the charm and good nature to be the real-life incarnation of Carl. She posed the family's beloved pet, an affable rottweiler named Toby. Day has never been concerned about the breed's fearsome reputation, explaining that "it

comes from rottweilers' having a great desire to please their owners. If an owner wants violence, he'll get it." All the Darlings demanded from Toby was affection, and in return he was so gentle that Day didn't hesitate to let her only granddaughter, Madeline, model as Carl's infant charge. The warmth Day put into her realistically rendered oil paintings has earned the books so much adoration that it's not farfetched to speculate that Carl is partly responsible for boosting rottweilers, last year for the first time ever, into the top five of the American Kennel Club's most-popular-breeds list.

Sadly, though, the family's own "Carl" died two years ago of old age. "Everybody cried for a week, especially me," Day says as she sips a cup of tea in her garden. "And then I said to [my youngest son], 'Let's just go look at some puppies, just shop around.' Well, of course, we bought the first one."

That first one, Arambarri, looks up at her as she speaks. She rubs his head and talks about painting him as a puppy in *Carl's Afternoon in the Park*. And even though he's all grown up and Carl-size now, Day says she'll never use Arambarri as a model for that good dog. "Carl is always Toby," she says with a wistful resolve. "Always will be." ♦

IN SHORT

Music

DANCIN' MAGIC Joanie Bartels (*Discovery Music*, 800-451-5175, \$9.95 cassette, \$14.98 CD, ages 3 and up) Children should be children. They should not wear spandex tights or miniature tuxedos. They should not smoke or play roulette in casinos. And if children were supposed to listen to rock & roll, God would not have created Raffi.

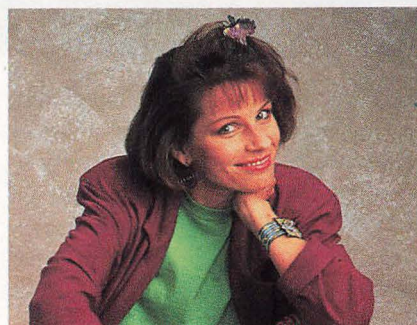
This fine theory ignores the fact that kids love rock & roll and are born with the ability to wriggle their diapered regions in a manner that would be obscene if done past puberty.

For the parent who does not find it cute to watch his tot undulate to "Ice Ice Baby," Bartels' new collection will help. *Dancin' Magic's* 13 songs are wholesome enough to sing around a campfire but so danceable you and your kids won't sit still when you hear them.

Mostly, you have heard these songs already. Like *Bathtime Magic*, *Christmas Magic*, and all of Bartels' seven *Magic* tapes before it, *Dancin' Magic's* magic is its song selection. It balances style and nostalgia, which means it will remind parents of their youth without making them feel old.

"Rockin' Robin," "Barefootin'," "Hokey Pokey"...all great songs. Bartels, as always, is up to the challenge of covering golden oldies. She can't harmonize the way the Beach Boys did on 1964's "Dance, Dance, Dance," but her clear soprano hits the high points. "Limbo Rock" and "La Bamba" (my favorite here) are exotically rhythmic, not hokey.

Dancin' is hardly educational. "Doooo the heck-a-lotion with me," my 3-year-old sings, in happy noncomprehension. And there is a sameness to Bartels' interpretations and the cheery orchestrations. But it's an excellent sameness. This tape will make you happy, even if you are too young (or old) to understand why. **A** —Susan Stewart



DANCIN' FEVER: Bartels sets toes a-tapping



White Trash was blasting from her radio as she drove up. "What do ya think?" she yelled.

"Apple Pie's

most atypical," I shouted back. "Not the music,

man. The vehicle." I was stupefied. Robin had invested her green ones. As I jumped in she asked me what I wanted. "My own," I replied. "Then let's journey to the Suzuki dealer," she said. Before I could tell her I meant a tape, she said, "Hold On. It's the new Pride-n-Politix." "But," I asked, "isn't this a Suzuki Sidekick®?" Robin scorched me and explained, "Want a tape, you gotta test drive a Suzuki. That's the only way you're gonna get groups like White Trash, SEAL, Bingo Boys and Ex-Girlfriend on one tape." "Sounds good," I said. "Better than good. Sounds almost like a CD 'cause it's made with some new process called Digalog™," she said turning the volume all the way up. I think it was her way of telling the Suzuki dealer we were coming.



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ENCORE

Ballad of a Folk Hero

BY SHARON ISAAC

*Singer and
political
gadfly Woody
Guthrie died
24 years ago*



the downtrodden.

His message came from the heart, for Guthrie knew the downside of life all too well. Born in Okemah, Okla., in 1912, he saw his father wiped out financially by the Depression. His sister perished in an oil stove explosion. His mother died in an insane asylum of Huntington's chorea, the same hereditary disease that would claim his own life on Oct. 3, 1967, after more than a decade of hospitalization.

Despite the tragedies in his life and his identification with the homeless and poor, Guthrie was essentially an optimistic lyricist who celebrated America and the goodness of its people. For many, "This Land Is Your Land" became America's second national anthem.

And despite himself,

Guthrie became America's national balladeer, a man of the masses who was uncomfortable in the limelight. As his folksinging son, Arlo ("Alice's Restaurant"), said when his dad was inducted into the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame in 1988, "I am fairly sure that if my father had been alive today, this is the one place he would not be." ♦

WOODY'S SONG:

Guthrie in a classic pose, which Dylan emulated on the cover of *The Times They Are A-Changin'*

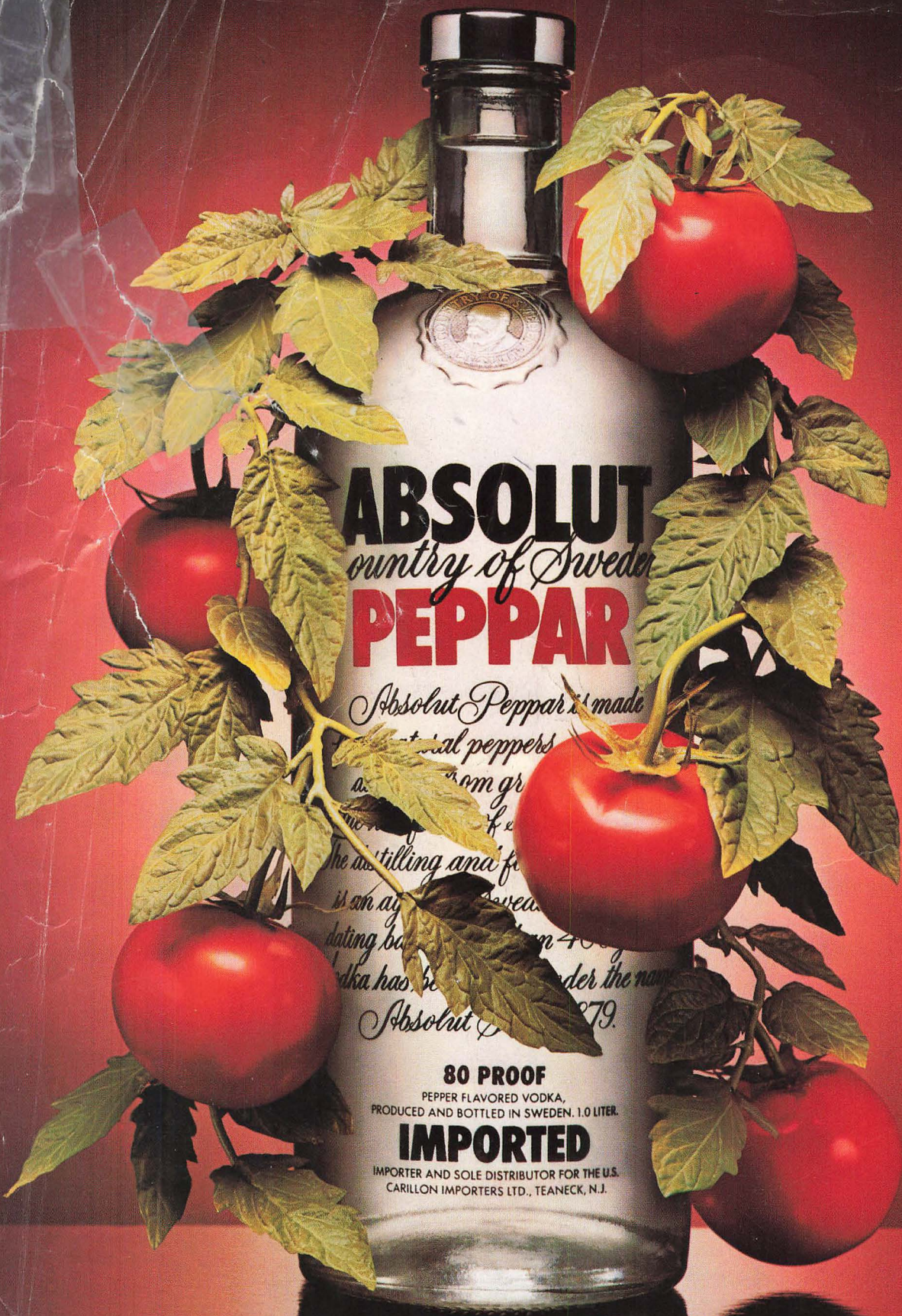
WOODY GUTHRIE wasn't much of a singer. He knew his flat, raspy voice didn't sound "like dew dripping off the petals of the morning violet," as he put it. "I had rather sound like the ashcans of the early morning," he said, "like the cab drivers cursing at one another, like the longshoremen yelling, like the cowhands whooping, and like the lone wolf barking."

Yet Woody Guthrie's whoops and barks came to define American folk music. His songs ("This Land Is Your Land," "Do-Re-Mi," "Pretty Boy Floyd") influenced hundreds of performers, from Pete Seeger and Bob Dylan to Bruce Springsteen. In more than 1,000 compositions in the 1930s and '40s, the lanky, bushy-haired man with the big guitar raised his ashcan of a voice in powerful paeans to the underprivileged, the oppressed,

TIME CAPSULE

Oct. 3, 1967

STARS SHONE BRIGHTLY that season: **The Carol Burnett Show**, **The Jerry Lewis Show**, and **The Danny Thomas Hour** all made their TV debuts. Sally Field promoted good habits in **The Flying Nun**. The Box Tops were pop tops with **"The Letter,"** and Elia Kazan's **The Arrangement** was the book to read.



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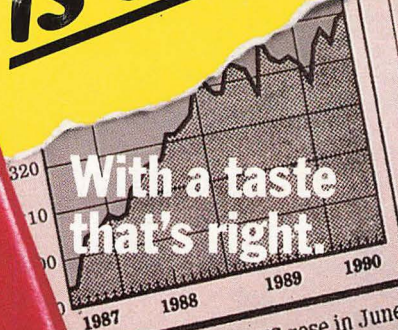
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STOCK SHIPMENTS rose in June to \$238.86 billion after seasonal adjustments revised \$238.86 billion in May, the Commerce Department reports.

The Federal Standards Board started requiring that annual standards reports break down assets and investments by cash flow. Before the FSB requirements, the rules did not go far enough, noting that it doesn't permit stating cash flow on a per-share basis.

In billions of dollars. New Orders received of durable goods rose adjustable 125 billion.

A special Summary Federal and State Tax.

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